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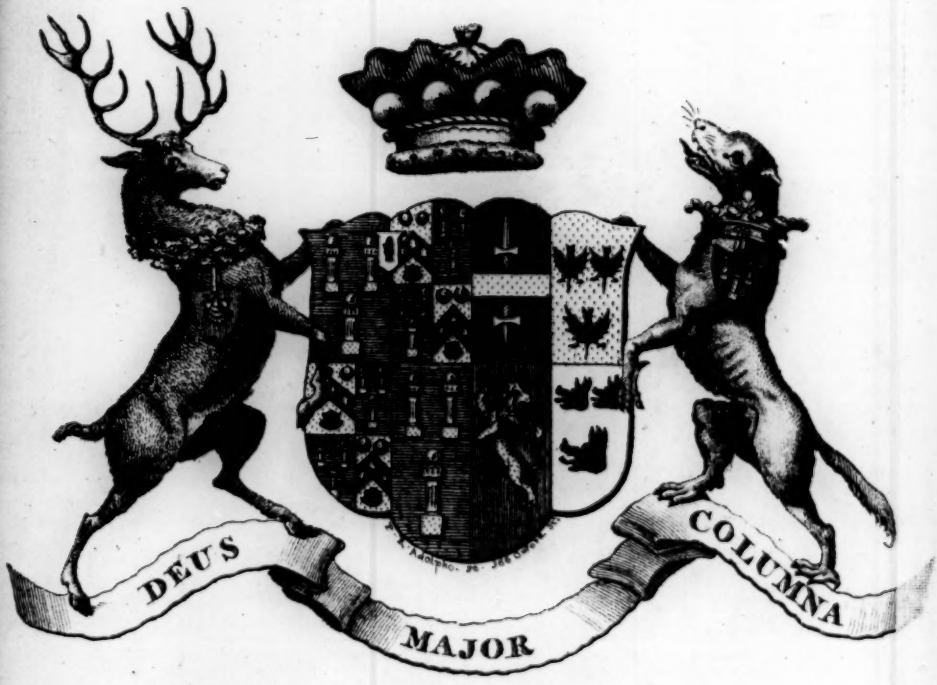

JOHN second LORD HENNIKER.
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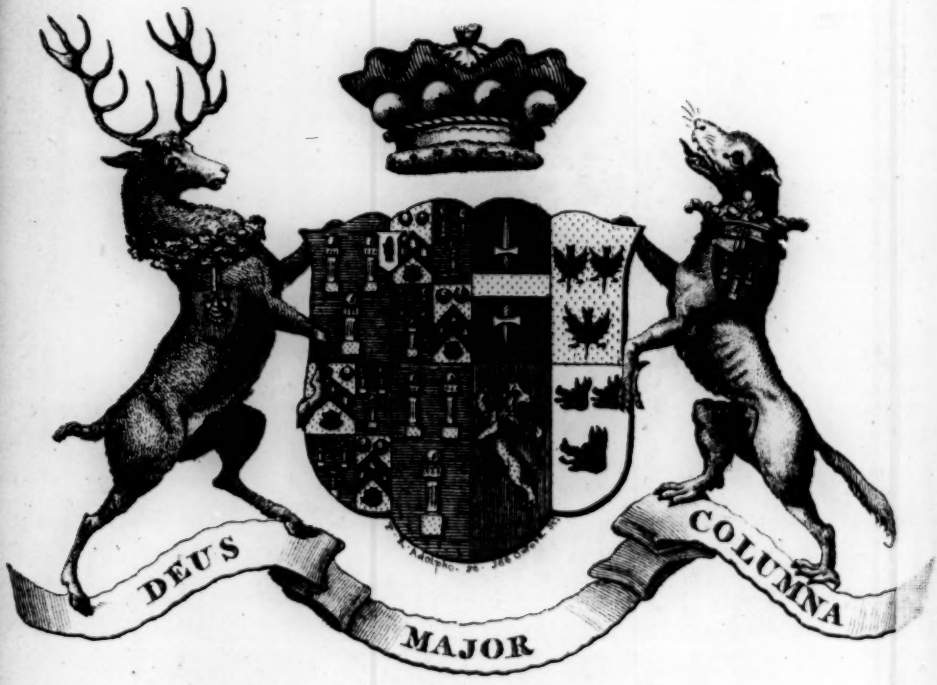

JOHN second LORD HENNIKER.
1804

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THE

SELF-TORMENTOR,

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NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

"Lovers and Madmen have ſuch ſeething Brains,
"Such ſhaping Fantaſies, that apprehend
"More than cool Reaſon ever comprehends."

SHAKESPEARE.

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9
JUN

THE SELF-TORMENTOR.

LETTER I.

Mr. Montroſe *to* Henry Courtland, *Eſq.*

"A GENEROUS friendſhip no cold medium knows," ſays the wiſe preceptor of Achilles; and you, my dear Courtland, can only judge of the ſincerity of mine, by my honeſt endeavours to ſerve you. Your great ſuperiority of fortune, precludes my offering you pecuniary favours; accept then the honeſt counſel of an ingenuous heart; and O that my prayers for your welfare could but ſtimulate you to ſet bounds to that intemperate zeal with which you woo the blandiſhments of folly, under whatſoever form they appear: too fatal deluſions, which abſorb all the finer faculties of your ſoul, and will continue to throw a ſhade over your character,

till you ſuffer reaſon and reflection to guide the reins of your paſſions; then it will be my boaſt, that Harry Courtland is my friend.

You poſſeſs virtues formed to adorn ſociety; yet how are they obſcured by your conſtantly purſuing the falſe ſuggeſtions of pleaſure! Your temper is brave and generous; I know you would riſk your life to ſerve me: in return, I only wiſh you would ſacrifice one darling propenſity to ſerve yourſelf;—the taſk once begun, you will find the difficulty half conquered. Rouſe, then, from this intoxicating dream of ſenſuality, and aſſert the dignity of your nature. 'Tis the voice of truth, the voice of friendſhip, 'tis the voice of honour, that calls.

Let me aſk you, whether the cauſe which has ſo long detained you an alien from your home be a juſtifiable one? As an Engliſhman, have you loſt all regard for that glorious country which gave you birth? Are you not ſquandering a noble fortune, in purſuit of objects which, when attained, can never yield a laſting ſatisfaction to the mind? Moſt of your companions, you confeſs, are ſuch whoſe extravagancies out-run the limits of their fortune, and who, to ſatisfy preſent contingencies, have recourſe

courſe to play for a ſubſiſtence, and thereby enrich themſelves with the ſpoils of ſuch thoughtleſs novices as ———. Ah, Courtland, gueſs whom I mean! Spare my feelings; then tell me whether your colleagues be Right Honourables, or untitled villains. Where is the difference, if men are equally leagued in vice? Men of principle know no diſtinction.

Is there a virtue in France, my friend, unknown to us Britons?—gather it—place it in your boſom, in caſe you ſhould ever reviſit your native ſoil, that your countrymen may ſee you have not travelled in vain.

I have long ſince baniſhed the pleaſing wiſh of ſeeing you reſtored to the ardent expectations of your family. Till a love of the world had vitiated your taſte, Courtland, your boſom glow'd with the warm feelings of humanity; but the ties of blood and nature have no claims on the man of pleaſure.—Your father, my Courtland (though I believe his perſon is a ſtranger to you), is ſuch a man,

"As Heaven juſt ſhews to human ſight,
"To ſhew what man ſhould be."

I find he has informed you he has given up all command in the army, to enjoy, in the autumn of life, the tranquil en-

dearments of domeſtic love. You know that his days have been marked with peculiar infelicities; and you likewiſe know that it reſts ſolely in your power to gild his future hours with the ſoft bleſſings of peace, and to ſee him cloſe a life of honour with a death of reſignation.

I endeavour to believe your heart is not deliberately bad, but that the eaſineſs of your temper hath enervated the cords of your reſolution: then rouſe from this fatal lethargy of the ſoul; you want not courage to defend a bad cauſe, when it oppoſes your wiſhes; a much nobler one now claims your attention: it is the cauſe of Heaven and your own ſoul! Attend to the ſilent admonitions of duty and nature; nor longer oppoſe the warm expectations of your father, to viſit Roſelands, which wants but your preſence to complete its ſatisfactions. Had you but ſeen the big tear ſwell in the eye of the brave warrior, when he told me he had reſigned the tender delight of ever finding, in you, the fond affection of a ſon!—Oh, how muſt the libertine have ſhrunk abaſhed, if the love of pleaſure had not totally deracinated his ſenſibility!

I pleaded

I pleaded for you.—" Ah! Montroſe," cried he, " do not flatter me that I ſhall ever find the man of *feeling* in the man of *faſhion*. You reaſon like a young man; yet it is kind in you to ſupport thus warmly the cauſe of friendſhip. Reſignation to the will of Providence, ſhould be the firſt duty of a Chriſtian. Heaven has been graciouſly pleaſed to try me with afflictions: I bow with ſubmiſſion to its diſpenſations. There muſt be an alloy to human happineſs;—the path of proſperity is beſet with ſnares—the world is in full poſſeſſion of the heart of my child—I can only pray for his reformation."

If, Courtland, you do not immediately ſeek a reconciliation with your father, then ſhall I exclaim—hard is that heart which beats but for its own gratifications. Conſider, that an opportunity to make an individual happy, is one of the higheſt ſatisfactions the human mind can know.

A few years have ſo improved your ſiſter's mental perfections, as well as perſonal graces, that they win her the love and eſteem of all who know her. The companion of her infancy, and friend of her riper years, Miſs Ackworth, though leſs handſome than Sophia, yet is richly

gifted with thoſe nameleſs graces which ſteal away the affections—ſhe is an equal ſharer with your ſiſter in the General's love: ſhe is the very child of nature; truth and ſimplicity claim her as their own; and there is a bewitching archneſs in her ſmile, ſufficient to create the paſſion of love in the breaſt of an anchorite.

Theſe girls avow themſelves to be rivals for the General's love; nor is it viſible to the minuteſt inveſtigation, to which he gives the preference. This moment Sophia, by her gentle ſoothings, endeavours to divert a melancholy, which the painful recollection of a certain unworthy ſon never fails to produce, and which caſts a veil of ſadneſs over his happieſt moments. Then the ſprightly Emmeline, by the lively ſallies of her imagination, revives his drooping ſpirits, and brightens, by her wit, the hours which otherwiſe melancholy had marked her own. Her laſt words (the day I left Roſelands) ſtill vibrate on my ears. "Oh," cried ſhe, throwing her lovely arms round your father's neck, "if the wicked only felt concern for each other, how happy ſhould we be here, in the full poſſeſſion of each other's affection! Think no more, my dear, dear

dear ſir, of this unworthy ſon, who ſticks the thorns of ingratitude into the pillow of a parent! Mr. Courtland cannot be happy, though he lives in a conſtant round of pleaſures; for he fulfils no duty: how joyleſs muſt his ſituation be, when compared with that of your Sophia and Emmeline? for his pleaſures have never been enriched by your ſmiles; nor has his boſom learned to glow at the moral precept which continually flows from your lips: he has never been folded, like your girls, to your boſom; nor has he ever felt how dear is praiſe, when earned by duty."

But why do I perſiſt in painting ſcenes of innocent enjoyment, to one who is too proud to feel he is in the wrong, and has ſo little refinement as to prefer the pleaſures of ſenſe to thoſe of humanity? Adieu.

GEORGE MONTROSE.

LETTER II.

Mr. Courtland *to* George Montroſe, *Eſq.*

Dear Simon Pure, Paris.

THAT I read over, and over again, thy very ſentimental epiſtle, is the ſtrongeſt proof I can give thee of my regard; in the moment too of ardent paſſion, when wit enlivens, wine exhilarates, and beauty warms.

What an abſurd notion is thine, George, that a man muſt neceſſarily lead a more diſſipated life in France than in London. The love of pleaſure is not limited to any peculiar ſpot; it is the diſpoſition we carry with us, and not the climate, marks the character of the man.

I find a certain congeniality of ſoul here amongſt the Pariſians I never felt for my countrymen; for wherever pleaſure waves her banner, we flock to her ſtandard, with hearts diſpoſed to partake of every varied enjoyment ſhe has to offer.

Let the ſottiſh Briton hunt the ſtag, and wear the horns; I envy not his honours—his groſſer joys ſuit not me. No!

No! my pleaſures muſt be rapid as the tranſitions of my mind; never reſting, always purſuing; enjoying this moment, thoughtleſs of the next; riſking ſoul and body to-day, for what would become taſteleſs and inſipid to-morrow.

Heavens! Montroſe, is it for a young fellow, ſcarcely five-and-twenty, to temporize with his paſſions, in the full poſſeſſion of all that youth, health, and fortune has to give? Careſſed, followed, flattered, and admired, is this a time, thou dear ſentimental rogue, to turn philoſopher, and make a full pauſe, when thus far advanced in my career of glory? Is this a time to parley with reflection, and to put the curb of reſtraint on the paſſions, at the very moment they are moſt ſuſceptible of enjoyment?

Pri'thee, Montroſe, hear me argue in my turn: I but adopt the principles in which I was educated; for my good uncle (peace to his memory!) taught me, by his example, to look on religion as a doctrine fit to be followed only by cowards, and virtue as a mere phantom to frighten women and children into perfect ſubmiſſion to the imperious wills of us lords of the creation.

As far as moral rectitude, no man poſſeſſed better principles than he did: in his commerce with the world, he was juſt and upright—but all beyond them, to him, was total darkneſs. The tutor with whom he ſent me abroad was endeared to him from having adopted his own principles, and ſacrificing thoſe of the church, in which he was bred, for two good livings, with which he never troubled himſelf further than to receive the profits, which were earned by thoſe poor eccleſiaſtical drudges, who go on ſtarving through life, whilſt they are amaſſing that wealth which becomes the only object of worſhip of their truly PIOUS employers. On my uncle's death, he left no means unattempted to prolong my ſtay abroad; for my great increaſe of fortune gave us an importance very flattering to his vanity, till death ſurpriſed him in his career of pleaſure.

I was now left entirely to myſelf. With a mind naturally yielding to all the tempting ſeductions of youth; with not a friend to unfold to me the fair page of virtue, is it to be wondered at, that I ſhould have perſevered in thoſe principles in which I was educated, and live in the full enjoyment of them, till ſa-

tiety hath made vapid every enjoyment.

Alas! my dear George, I was then a ſtranger to thy worth: it had been happy for me had we met before. My boſom at that inſtant felt a void, which thy friendſhip has ſince filled up: to the parental affections it was quite a ſtranger, never having enjoyed the ſociety of my father, but for a ſhort time together; yet the great reputation he acquired in the ſervice of his country, made me honour and reſpect him; though, it is ſo long ſince I have ſeen him, I can ſcarcely recollect his perſon. His frequent letters to me, however inattentive I may have appeared to treat them, I truſt will one day be productive of good to me; for though I have not immediately adopted his advice, yet it has ſerved to awaken in me many a better thought in the calm moments of reflection; and whenever they have met my hands, howſoever finely ſet my feelings were for new enjoyments, they were conſtantly ſickened o'er with the qualms of remorſe. Adieu.

HENRY COURTLAND.

LETTER III.

Henry Courtland, *Esq*; *to* George Montroſe, *Esq*.

YOUR laſt letter, dear George, lies before me; what does honour to *your* head and heart, becomes a bitter reproach to *mine*: you paint the domeſtic happineſs at Roſelands with the glowing pencil of friendſhip, and exhibit ſcenes of felicity I feel myſelf unworthy to enjoy. It is now five years ſince I have ſeen my ſiſter; ſhe gave then a fair promiſe of one day making a fine woman; and Emmeline Ackworth proves to be the very character I have always predicted. That girl, George, from her babyhood to the hour I left England, has been the plague of my life; for ſhe was the only creature exiſting who ever ventured to tell me of my faults; a ſubject on which I was ever very ſore; and when ſhe ceaſed to reprove me, I was always jealous that ſhe thought me unworthy of her notice. I was miſerable if any other boy approached her, and always found means to pick a quarrel with her, though it was ſure to end in my humiliation. Ah, Montroſe,

at

at this inſtant a flood of tenderneſs deluges my ſoul; I fear I have thrown ſolid happineſs from me, and in return graſp only a deluſive phantom. Reflection be gone; the man of pleaſure lives but for himſelf, a livelier theme demands my pen.

It is Lady Auguſta Finleigh—*Elle eſt une beauté dans ſon orient*, who a few days ſince arrived in Paris, with her brother, Lord Roxborough; I ſuppoſe you viſited the family when you were at Roſelands. Lord Roxborough's only recommendation to faſhionable circles, is the title deſcended to him from his anceſtors: for his underſtanding (if he has any) evaporates in folly; he affects humour, but is the very bane of pleaſantry; he is a rake without gallantry, and a lover without ſenſibility; he affects to be a connoiſſeur in muſic, yet wants taſte and judgment to reliſh the beauties of harmony; he is violently fond of dancing, becauſe it diſplays a perſon of which he is extremely enamoured; he wears a ſword like other men, but would as ſoon die a martyr as draw it in an honourable cauſe; he ſwears becauſe it is impious; and breaks his word with every body, becauſe he thinks a man of quality ſhould be ſuperior to thoſe forms which bind the vulgar.

Should

Should Lady Auguſta's charms tempt me to put on the matrimonial ſhackles, do not be ſurpriſed; I feel an unuſual buſtle about my heart, and my every thought *eſt abimée dans les plaiſirs.*

From the opera laſt night I led her off in triumph through a hurricane of ſighs, ruſhing from a hundred beaux, who are trembling beneath the tyranny of her charms. What ſay you now, ſhould her beauty at laſt have pointed the arrow, which is to ſtrike the breaſt of your friend with all the tender agonies of love?

The ſoul, I believe, is never ſo ſuſceptible of ſoft impreſſions, as when it has been ſorely wounded by diſappointment. Had I acted, Montroſe, with becoming candour, I ought to have informed you of an event which has imbittered many an hour, and has been the occaſion of my being an exile thus long from my country. Vilette is the victim of her own imprudence; yet ſhe has this ſatisfaction to carry into retirement, that her perſon and mind are equally pure: but a truce to a ſubject which has been a ſource of infinite inquietude to me.

How eaſily the mind, unſubdued by misfortunes, flies from one ſubject to another! where the heart is devoted to its amuſements, no laſting impreſſion can take

take place: for I find, however a man may ſet bounds to his gratitude, he cannot to his hopes, when raiſed to a fine woman. Perhaps, George, you will aſk, which of Lady Auguſta's virtues firſt made an impreſſion on my heart? Faith, that is a queſtion I have never aſked myſelf; ſhe is young, handſome, and it is the faſhion to be ſeen in her ſuite. Beauties like her's aſk not the decorations of the virtues to adorn them; they may be uſeful embelliſhments to ſet off homely features; very proper appendages in a wife, to keep off hurricanes from a domeſtic fire-ſide.

As nothing now is ſo common as faſhionable abſurdities, ſuppoſe, before I write again, I ſhould have ſacrificed my liberty to a fair face. Adieu, much yours,

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER IV.

General Courtland *to* H. Courtland, *Eſq.*

My dear Son, Roſelands.

HOW grateful ſhould I be for ſo tender an appellation, could I but call you ſo in perſon!

As writing to you is now become one of the deareſt ſatisfactions of my life, I would flatter myſelf the fond effuſions of a father are not always unwelcome to you. Withdrawn at length from the buſtling ſcenes of life, you muſt indulge me with writing to you, though you deny me the pleaſure of converſing with you.

A ſtrange combination of events, my Courtland, has hitherto cut off that tender intercourſe between us, which cuſtom generally allows between a parent and a child.

You have heard, no doubt, that from the earlieſt period of my exiſtence I was marked out the child of ſorrow; for my birth occaſioned the death of my mother. My brother was grown up to man's eſtate before I made my appearance in the world, which enſured me his hatred for life; and his imperious temper had gained

gained ſuch an aſcendancy over my father, who was declining in health and ſpirits, that he feared to expreſs for me the affection of a parent.

I lived like an alien in the family, little attention being paid to my education, and at fifteen I was ſent into the *army* with a pair of colours, becauſe I had often expreſſed a great predilection in favour of the *church*. Thus early expoſed to the world, I had no monitor but my conſcience, and no boſom friend but my integrity.

Ever diſpoſed for ſolitude, it was my conſtant fate to be kept continually marching from one place to another, fighting the battles of my country, inſtead of converſing with my family; yet I was ambitious not to be excelled in the walk of life which fortune had marked out for me; it inſpired me with a ſpirit of emulation, when I found the duty of a Chriſtian might not be altogether incompatible with the life of a ſoldier. I was in my nineteenth year. My conduct having gained me the eſteem of my officers, particularly of Colonel Ackworth, he was deſirous of my promotion, and therefore wiſhed to prove my courage and conduct, by ſending me to ſurprize ſome of the enemy's out-poſts during the night;

night; a ſkirmiſh enſued, in which ſeveral on both ſides were left dead on the ſpot, amongſt whom lay the father of my never-to-be-forgotten Sophia.

I had never ſeen her, but was deputed to carry to her the news of her father's death; the exceſs of her grief ſoon made me a captive to her ſenſibility, and the beauties of her perſon ſoon made a captive of my ſenſes alſo: my ſorrows riſe at the tender recollection; I muſt lay down my pen.

Again I reſume it. The friendleſs ſituation of my Sophia became a general ſubject for converſation, and the graces of her form drew many of our officers to viſit her, though the violence of her ſorrow had brought her to the brink of the grave. I watched over the melting anguiſh of her ſoul with the chaſtened affection of a brother, and every tear *ſhe* ſhed coſt *my* boſom a ſigh. At length we began mutually to feel the hours drag heavily along which ſeparated us from each other; yet neither ſuſpected the true cauſe of our anxiety, till one day I was wounded by a random ſhot in the ſtreet, very near the houſe where ſhe lodged,

and

and being faint with loſs of blood I was carried thither.

But what pen can paint the affecting anguiſh which rent my Sophia's boſom? Though I thought myſelf dying, yet to be thus lamented by her, I felt myſelf more honoured than if the command of the army had been given me, and I reſolved, ſhould life be reſtored me, to dedicate my future days to her ſervice. Several officers of diſtinction paid their addreſſes to her; on finding they were all refuſed, I made an humble offering of myſelf, and was accepted; we were ſoon after married by the chaplain of our regiment. As our love was founded on innocence, ſo was it indulged without remorſe.

But I was born for trials; and ſo great to me has been the ſupporting hand of Providence, that I bow my ſpirit in humble acquieſcence to its wiſe decrees.

I was no ſooner married, than I wrote to my father, to inform him of it; and as the beloved partner of my heart was as ill provided with the gifts of fortune as myſelf, I humbly hoped he would increaſe my annual ſtipend, as my expences were now increaſed, though my wife had been trained up in the utmoſt frugality.

It was two years before I received an anſwer to this letter, and cruel it was, though dictated by an only brother. It informed me my father was dead, and ſo incenſed at my prepoſterous marriage, that on hearing it he had made a new will, by which I was entitled only to 500 l. and might draw upon him for it whenever I pleaſed.

I felt the cruelty of this ſtroke the more, as my Sophia's ſituation now required every delicate attention; ſhe ſaw me pining with inward diſtreſs, and her ſenſibility was wounded, that ſhe was a ſtranger to the cauſe; for I had carefully concealed my father's unkindneſs from her; at length, overcome by her entreaties, I was obliged to make the mortifying confeſſion; ſhe was overjoyed to find it was no worſe, for ſhe began to dread my affection for her was decreaſing. "Do not grieve on my account," replied this excellent woman, "we will be happy ſtill; for what we want in affluence, an increaſe of affection ſhall ſupply to us; and we can never be truly wretched, whilſt heaven is our protector, and virtue our friend."

Our little income, where every thing was expenſive to ſtrangers, would barely ſupply us with the common neceſſaries of

of life; to ſave expence, I ſeldom ate at our meſs, that my little ſavings might procure ſome delicacy for my wife. I could have raiſed money amongſt my brother officers (my good friend Colonel Ackworth, who would gladly have ſupplied me, was then in England), but I was too proud to make my wants known to others, and too fond of my independency to loſe it by incurring debts.

Such was the ſituation of our affairs when you, my Henry, firſt ſaw the light, yet we welcomed you to our boſoms with tears of grateful joy. Soon after this my little legacy was remitted to me: I thought few men richer than myſelf; I am ſure none were happier.

When I received it, I threw it into my beloved Sophia's lap; at the inſtant ſhe held you to her boſom, I folded you both to mine; ſtill dear is the fond remembrance to me, we mingled our tears with our embraces. O my ſon, thoſe who have never known diſtreſs cannot be ſaid to have taſted real happineſs: in ſilent ejaculations we bleſſed Heaven for thoſe mercies our lips refuſed to utter.

For the ſpace of three years I continued to look upon myſelf as the peculiar favourite of fortune; at the cloſe of that

that period your ſiſter was born; alas! a ſtate of permanent felicity is not deſigned the lot of man: for Heaven, when it gave your ſiſter to my prayers, recalled my Sophia to her kindred ſkies.

Pardon the ſoldier who has braved death and dangers in a thouſand ſhapes, that he ſtops here, to pay the tribute of a tear to departed love. Your mother, with her dying lips clung to yours, invoked Heaven to ſhower its choiceſt bleſſings on you; then, turning her expiring eyes upon me, ſaid, ſhe hoped I ſhould find, in your loved ſociety, all that I loſt in hers.

Aſk yourſelf, my Courtland, if her wiſhes have been heard?—but I mean not to reproach.

The God of mercies wonderfully ſupported me in my affliction. At my leiſure I read the Scriptures, they gave me conſolation, conſolation ſtrengthened hope, and hope animated devotion.

Every moment I could abſent myſelf from the duties of my ſtation, I tenderly watched over you, ſtill tracing in your features ſome fond remembrance of your beloved mother,—ſad, yet pleaſing pain.

At this time Colonel Ackworth arrived from England with ſome freſh troops: he

he was always eſteemed by my family, and loved me like a brother: he had heard of my father's unkindneſs, and came to viſit me immediately.

He ſurpriſed me in my little nurſery with only an old woman I had hired to take care of you; I held you in my arms; your ſiſter lay aſleep on a pillow in the window; I know not how long he had been in the room before I perceived him. The ſervice never ſaw a braver man than Colonel Ackworth; yet, on perceiving him, I ſaw the tears of humanity wet the warrior's cheek.

"You are a very young man, Lieutenant," ſaid he at length, "to be thus embarraſſed with the cares of ſuch a helpleſs family; the bed of war is a rude cradle to huſh an infant's ſlumbers. This is a little girl, is it?" embracing your ſiſter. At that moment the drum beat, ſhe ſtarted from her ſleep; he ſtood ſilent for ſome moments gazing on the ſcene before him, then retired, ſaying, "Come to me on the parade to-morrow, Courtland."

I bowed obedience, and fulfilled the appointment; he then told me the death of Captain Murray gave me a company; this was a circumſtance I by no means expected. "You muſt return to England imme-

immediately," ſaid he, "if you would preſerve the lives of thoſe dear children."

I told him it would be worſe than death to part with them; for I had not a friend there with whom I could intruſt them. "That is a difficulty," added he, "which I foreſaw, and for which I have provided a remedy. Whatever comes recommended from my hand, will be dear to Mrs. Ackworth; my little Emmeline, as ſoon as ſhe is ſenſible of the bleſſing, will be happy to find a ſiſter in your girl; and, as to your boy, he ſeems to poſſeſs a ſpirit infinitely beyond his years; he ſhall be diſpoſed of in ſome worthy family, whilſt we probe the feelings of your brother, to try if his nature retains no unguarded part, which is alive to the touch of humanity."

I ſhall not trouble you with a recital of the difficulties which attended my voyage to England; ſuffice it to ſay, my viſit to Mrs. Ackworth was received with that tender welcome which ever dignifies humanity; there was that elegant ſimplicity in her manners which adds the higheſt poliſh to the female character, and is infinitely more touching than the moſt poliſhed graces of a court without them; and, to the honour of her character,

racter, I may add, there was a ſteadineſs and perſeverance in her friendſhip, of which there are but few examples.

When I preſented you to her, ſhe welcomed you with an embrace truly maternal. "This boy, Captain," ſaid ſhe, "ſeems to poſſeſs ſo much conſtitutional fire, he'll ſoon be able to fight his own battles; and the firſt ſervice I ſhall ſet him on, ſhall be to ſtorm the breaſt of his uncle; which, if it be not invulnerable, muſt ſoon ſurrender, when the ties of blood and nature ſummon from without. As for our little Sophia, till you chuſe to give her another mother, with pleaſure I will aſſume that character; ſhe ſhall divide my heart with my Emmeline," whom ſhe held on her lap, and taking my Sophia from mine, ſhe joined the hands of theſe dear children, ſaying, "We will ſee, Captain Courtland, if time will not cement as ſincere a friendſhip between theſe children, as has hitherto exiſted between their parents. Come hither, child," ſaid ſhe, taking your hand, "I look up to you as the protector of theſe girls, ſhould death deprive them of their parents before they are of an age to enter on the tumultuous ſcenes of life."

O my Courtland! could this ſainted woman but look down and ſee how ineffectual you have rendered all her wiſhes!—Pardon me, my ſon, I am petulant, but I have many ſorrows at my heart. Adieu.—The concluſion of my little narrative I muſt reſerve for another letter. Ever yours,

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER V.

From the Same to the Same.

I NOW reſume my narrative, my dear Courtland, which a heavy oppreſſion on the ſpirits obliged me to interrupt. As ſoon as I ſaw you ſettled with the worthy Mr. Bennet, who was then curate of Benfield, I took a long farewell of you and your ſiſter, and rejoined my regiment; but not till I had made every attempt towards a reconciliation with my brother, that a gentleman could make without debaſing his honour, but they all proved ineffectual.

I conſtantly received the moſt promiſing accounts of your welfare from Mrs. Ackworth;

Ackworth; and her letters informed me, that all hope was vain of ever ſoftening the inflexibility of your uncle. You continued till your ſeventh year with Mr. Bennet; it had ever been Mrs. Ackworth's cuſtom to take you on an annual viſit with your ſiſters, to a relation of hers in a neighbouring county. This lady had a large family, and theſe fond mothers were never ſo happy as when their children were brought together.

About half a mile from Seldon park ſtands a ſmall town; it was the time of the annual fair, and it was propoſed by Mrs. Auſtin and Mrs. Ackworth, that their children ſhould partake of the pleaſures of it with ſome other little viſitants; the principal of which was the ſon of a wealthy citizen who had lately ſettled in the neighbourhood. This boy, though but ten years old, had acquired from vulgar and illiterate parents a thorough contempt for every thing but money, and was fully poſſeſſed of the idea, that he had a right to treat every body with contempt who were not as rich as himſelf.

Well, you were all ſent to the fair, and were returning triumphant with your little baubles, when the ſordid-minded Dixon, envious of the pleaſures which

Emmeline enjoyed, counting over her little play-things, as ſhe ſat on the lawn, he tore them from her hands, and ſcattered them on the graſs.

She bore her diſappointment with great fortitude, till ſhe ſaw you bound with rage from off the turf, and ſeize the malicious little villain by the throat; the indignation which fired you, gave you every poſſible advantage over your enemy, who exceeded you as much in ſize as in age: the blood, at length, began to run plentifully from the noſes of both combatants, in ſpite of the efforts of the ſervants to ſeparate you. Nor did the fury of the combat abate, till you had got your antagoniſt under you; when, ſtarting from the ground, you ſtamped your foot on his breaſt, ſaying, "Now, Sir, be aſſured I will ſooner die than ſuffer any affront to my dear little ſiſter Emmeline to go unrevenged."

The cries of the children, at ſight of your blood, drew a gentleman from the path, who was croſſing the park; he found you in the ſituation above mentioned, and demanded to know the ſubject of the quarrel.

After ſetting your antagoniſt on his feet, you ordered him to go home to his mamma; for he had not honour enough

to

to keep company with boys of ſpirit; then turning to the ſtranger, you ſaid, "Sir, do you know that he was baſe enough to rob my little ſiſter of her play-things, only becauſe he ſaw they gave her pleaſure; beſides, I have long promiſed him a beating, for calling me a beggarly boy, ſaying that my father was not worth a ſhilling, and that I had no rich relations to give me a gold watch, a horſe to ride on, and a ſervant to attend me. My father was always a gentleman, ſaid I, and that's more than your's was, Maſter Dixon; but I have rich relations as well as you, and if they won't give me any thing, am I to be deſpiſed for that?"

"What, is your father dead, Sir?" interrupted the ſtranger.

"No, Sir, he lives a great way off, and all the world loves him but his own relations; but I hardly remember ever to have ſeen my papa."

"Why ſo, and with whom do you live then?" "With the curate of the pariſh, Sir, the good Mr. Bennet. My papa is a captain, Sir, and lives in the bloody wars; and Mr. Bennet ſays, if he was as rich as he is brave, he'd be much the greateſt man in his family, though ſome of 'em be lords."

Here your dialogue was interrupted by Emmeline's cries, whom nothing but your careſſes could pacify. "I muſt hear more of your hiſtory," ſaid the gentleman. "Be pleaſed to wait then a moment, Sir, and I'll tell you all about it; for don't you hear my little ſiſter cry, and whenever ſhe cries it does ſo make my heart beat. I never cried but once in my life, and that was when ſhe was like to die of a fever." You then took the weeping baby on your knee, after throwing yourſelf on the graſs, and as ſoon as your tender careſſes had the deſired effect, you tore the plumes from your hat and gave them to her, in order to atone for her late loſs. Then looking up into the face of the ſtranger, who had carefully watched all your motions, you exclaimed, wiping away Emmeline's tears, "Is not this a ſweet little miſs, Sir? ſee how pretty her hair curls."

"She is a lovely child, indeed," ſaid he; "but I thought juſt now you called her your ſiſter?"

"Why, Sir, ſhe is my ſiſter, becauſe I love her; but ſhe is not my ſiſter, becauſe her parents are not mine. Mr. Bennet told me, my own mamma died of a broken heart when I was very young, becauſe my papa's relations would

would never forgive him having married her without a fortune; and ſo Miſs Emmeline's mamma has been ſo kind as to be my mamma ever ſince. That little girl there, with the blue ribbon round her waiſt, is my own ſiſter. But Sir," again patting Emmeline's cheek, "did you ever ſee ſuch a ſweet, pretty, little miſs as this?"

"She is a lovely child," reſumed the ſtranger, "and you ſeem to have very ſtrong affections, young gentleman."

"Affections! affections!" repeated you, "I didn't know I had any affections; for good Mr. Bennet always ſays, they don't belong to my father's family; beſides, he ſays, As riches increaſe, the affections decreaſe;—and the larger people's fortunes are, the narrower their hearts are,—which is the exact caſe with my relations, who are ſo rich—ſo very rich;—and I hope to be rich too, when Mr. Bennet has made me a ſcholar; then I ſhall go abroad to my papa."

"May I aſk the name of your papa?" interrupted the ſtranger.

"It is Courtland, Sir; he is only brother to the hard-hearted Mr. Courtland of Warwickſhire, of whom you may have heard, no doubt." The ſtranger then, turning haſtily from you, walked

ſome paces, and ſtood motionleſs. You ſprung from the ground, and hanging on his arm, ſaid, you hoped he was not angry with you for having beaten Maſter Dixon.

"No, my child," cry'd he, catching you in his arms, "thy ſpirit hath gained thee a friend; go tell him he ſhall never have it in his power to call thee again a beggarly boy: I am thy hard-hearted uncle of Warwickſhire, whom, though hitherto deaf to the ties of blood and nature, thy innocent prattle hath melted into a woman's tenderneſs; and what I wou'dn't have granted to the calls of humanity, I will now give to wounded pride; and I truſt one day to convince Mr. Bennet, and all the world, that my boſom is not void of affection, when the proper means are found to ſet its ſecret ſprings in motion. You ſhall come and live with me."

"I'm very much obliged t'ye, Sir, but I can't poſſibly go; for there will be nobody to draw Miſs Emmeline and my ſiſter in their little coach down the gravel-walk."

"You ſhall bring them with you, Mrs. Ackworth and all." Here the extravagancy of your joy broke forth in a moſt tumultuous manner; nor ſubſided till

till Mrs. Ackworth, being informed of the event, came to give your uncle an invitation to drink tea.

I only relate this little anecdote, my dear Courtland, to ſhew the genuine ſimplicity of your feelings, before the world had vitiated your heart. I am interrupted for the preſent. Adieu.

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER VI.

From the Same to the Same.

My dear Son,

I Reſume my ſtory. When I returned to England again, I was civilly, if not affectionately, received by my brother; for I was in no want of pecuniary aſſiſtance from him. I found your improvements had exceeded my utmoſt wiſhes. But how periſhable are all human expectations! I found Colonel Ackworth far gone in a conſumption; at his requeſt I attended him to the Briſtol Hot Wells; but alas! it was too late for thoſe ſalubrious ſprings to counteract the decays of nature.

The dying man now looked up to me as the future protector of his wife and child: he ſeemed revived by my aſſurances of friendſhip; I told him, I had been trained in the ſchool of adverſity; and that, having copied his virtues, I hoped, ſhould his family ever need protection, they had a right to claim mine. I flattered him with the hope he might recover. "No, Colonel," ſaid he, "when my wife went out of the room, my eyes took an everlaſting farewell of her: it was the laſt wrench of nature.—The world now is nothing to me. Be a father to my Emmeline;—and may the God of mercies bleſs you, Courtland, till we meet above!"—Then with a ſigh expired.

From the moment of his death a gradual decline ſeized Mrs. Ackworth. Suffice it to ſay, not all her fortitude could reconcile her to life after the loſs of the braveſt of men and beſt of huſbands, though ſhe was never heard to complain; her grief was too ſincere to be clamorous; and whilſt ſhe aſſumed a compoſure of temper, it inwardly ſapped the vital powers, and all the ſatisfaction life afforded her was, daily to perform thoſe offices in which he was wont to take pleaſure in beholding her, particu-

particularly the inſtruction of our two children. It was a pure gratification; for no virtue was ſacrificed in purſuit of it.

On my going abroad again, I roſe to that rank in the army I have for ſome years enjoyed. My pleaſures were greatly embittered on receiving the melancholy account of Mrs. Ackworth's death; but it was ſome alleviation to hear ſhe had placed the children under the protection of the excellent Mrs. Ayllert, till I could quit the ſervice with honour, and make my beloved country my home.

After my return, they continued with Mrs. Ayllert a twelvemonth, whilſt I was making the purchaſe of this little ſpot, and preparing it for their reception.

And here I am, after having been tempeſt-beaten by the world all the morning of my days, ſeeking thoſe ſober ſatisfactions in the vale of years, which only the retroſpect of an honourable and uſeful life can give;—but a ſore diſappointment ſaddens my beſt hours.

Your ſiſter takes the ſuperintendence of the family, whilſt Emmeline better exerciſes her genius in cultivating roſes and carnations; ſhe is an excellent floriſt, and her parterre, whilſt it delineates her

taſte, never fails to captivate the eye of every beholder.

Thus ſituated, my Courtland, can you refuſe to give my heart a holiday? Can you ſtill deny my wiſhes to claſp all I hold dear in one loved embrace? Can it be, that the world has rendered your heart callous to the ſoft endearments of domeſtic love?

Should you indulge my wiſh, to viſit Roſelands, do not fear, my ſon, to meet in me the ſtern judge or upbraiding father; no, let us meet in the full confidence of mutual friendſhip.

My fortune, though not large, is genteel: were it ten times larger than it is, I would not offer it you; I would not owe your affections to a bribe.

Have you no ſenſibility, that you withhold your regard from an amiable and accompliſhed ſiſter? Have you no taſte for virtuous ſociety?

My Emmeline's ſoul is the ſeat of tranquillity; ſhe has a ſmile for the gay, and a tear for the wretched. Humanity has fixed her empire in her heart, and all her dependants feel the bleſſing of living under ſuch government.

Your ſiſter tries to catch her ſprightlineſs; but alas! her efforts are vain, ſhe wants

wants a brother's love to harmonize her feelings!

I aſk you, my Henry, to be a witneſs of our enjoyments, that you may ſee there is happineſs to be found in retirement, and that virtue will afford the nobleſt themes whereon to exert her powers, when ſhe can make the face of guilt ſhrink abaſhed, and the charms of innocence conſpicuous to every beholder.

I hope you will pardon the prolixity of this packet, when you reflect, that it comes from one whoſe higheſt wiſh is to ſubſcribe himſelf, your moſt affectionate friend and father,

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER VII.

Lady Auguſta Finleigh *to Miſs* Fenton.

Paris.

I HAVE conquered, my Harriot, and glorious is the conqueſt; I have melted inſenſibility into tenderneſs, and warmed the icy boſom of a Courtland into love. And now I have him in my net, I'll uſe him for my ſport. The lion, robb'd of his

his fierceneſs, ſhall patiently bear all my fantaſtical vanities.

Let thoſe who ſigh for conjugal affection be content to drag the marriage chain; but 'tis time enough for me to ſubmit, when the faded eye can no longer enſnare its victim, nor the bloom of youth melt the ſoul to ſofteſt languiſhment. No; my ambitious ſoul longs for univerſal homage, and the torments of all the fine fellows only can ever ſatiate its hunger.

But beware my heart! Harry Courtland comes, armed with all the appendages of youth, beauty, and fortune; ſeductive blandiſhments, Harriot, which ſeldom fail of ſucceſs with us females.

I fear the poiſon already begins to ſwell my veins: of what avail to me, then, will be his homage, whilſt I feel myſelf his ſlave. I am provoked at my ſenſibility: I would have all the creatures in ſubjection to me, and myſelf alone at liberty to exert deſpotic power.

What a handſome wretch is this Courtland! That woman ought to be maſſacred who would attempt to degrade him into the humble character of a dull, doating huſband.

Horrid thought!—Yet he muſt be mine everlaſtingly, Harriot! His laſt look

look told me ſo; and his laſt words ſaid, "I adore you!" Yes, he muſt be very much in love, for I can play upon his paſſions with as much eaſe as I play on my guitar; and that breathes whatever language I pleaſe.

Nothing diverts me like the fooliſh abſurdities we can hurry theſe lords of the creation to commit in the courſe of a few ſhort minutes. Smile on 'em, and what kitten frolicks ſo gaily! Frown on 'em, and the Ruſſian bear growls not ſo horribly! Coax 'em, and no parrot prates more fluently! Flatter 'em, and they are as tame as lambs! Keep 'em in ſuſpence, and they'll hover over you like a guardian angel! Give 'em but power, and our freedom ends where their reign begins.

It is now ſix weeks ſince I have put Courtland's fidelity to the teſt, and in that time have made him horridly jealous of a hundred fellows I didn't care a pin for.

What, Harriot! give up the adulation of the million for the ſimple regard of an individual! Impoſſible! it will be time enough to marry when one has ſight only left to take a peep of poor *ſpoſo* through a pair of ſpectacles. Adieu.

A. FINLEIGH.

LETTER VIII.

To Lady Auguſta Finleigh, *in Anſwer.*

London.

AS a proof, my dear Auguſta, I hold your arguments good, have I not always reduced them to practice? For, after all, is not power the grand elixir of life to us females, with which we quicken the paſſions of our lovers—and tame thoſe of our huſbands?

She who doats on flattery, will never die of exceſs of ſenſibility. The paſſion which is feigned may ſoothe the vanity, but will never touch the feelings.

Courtland is a man of the world; it will require the niceſt ſkill to manage him properly. Hoodwink his reaſon—faſcinate his judgment—kindle his hopes—then alarm his fears—one moment let an affected ſigh tell him you love him, and the next let him catch you ſtealing a glance at his rival.

Give his paſſion a hearing, then reprove his preſumption; and in caſe he ſhould not take reproof patiently, a few ſoft languiſhments, and as many ſalt tears,

tears, will ſoon recall the rebel back to his allegiance.

This is my advice; and if it prove not good, then never truſt more to your affectionate

HARRIOT FENTON.

LETTER IX.

Henry Courtland, *Eſq*; *to* George Montroſe, *Eſq*.

Paris.

ZOUNDS, George, I had been a loſt man ere this, had not my guardian angel ſnatch'd me from the impending ruin, by hardening the boſom of a coquet at the very moment mine was brimfull of love and paſſion.

Courtier like, I continued dancing the rounds of attendance to ſolicit favours: for, though the Queen of Airs (Lady Auguſta, I would ſay) affected not to endure my aſſiduities, yet vanity whiſpered me they were not received with indifference.

At length, when the very criſis of my fate approached, in pops a little Italian duke

duke between me and my goddeſs, and ſaved my pride the ſhock of a repulſe, by her playing the part of a mere mortal woman.

This little coxcomb of quality gave a ſplendid fête in honour of her charms; what a delicious cordial was this to her vanity! and happily for me ſhe was in her altitudes, when I conducted her from the opera (for her brother generally ſpends his evening with ſome favourite performer), or I had been a loſt man.

I found myſelf quite alone with her; ſhe conjured up every tender blandiſhment in array againſt me, which took ſuch faſt hold on my paſſions, that I forgot all the eye batteries ſhe had been playing off during the evening to whole regiments of coxcombs.

One tendreſſe led on to another, and to freedoms which, if not early repulſed, generally provoke a repetition; till I grew mighty fooliſh and fond, and all that, and ſtammered out ſomething like a downright declaration of love.

Luckily ſhe was in her altitudes, and gently reproving my preſumption, with an affected drawl, aſked, if I thought there was any thing in her conduct that could flatter my wiſhes with ſucceſs? "But go, you bold creature," added ſhe, dropping her

her hand in mine, "your paſſion, Mr. Courtland, is quite *odious* to me."

"Is it faith, Madam?" recovering my ſenſes; "then depend upon it, you ſhall never hear of it again," and ſnatched up my hat. As I was hurrying out of the room the Duke entered—her eyes look'd the triumph of her heart, and I left her to enjoy its ſatisfactions.

Dear goddeſs Reaſon! it is by thy friendly interpoſition I now enjoy the ſweets of freedom, and to thy guidance I henceforward devote the life of

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER X.

From the Same to the Same.

(In Continuation).

Paris.

HAD I wit enough, Montroſe, to write a comedy, I have materials ſufficient to compoſe the plot.

As I was lounging over my coffee, reading a brochine, the third morning after I parted ſo abruptly from Lady Auguſta, I was ſurpriſed with a viſit from her

her femme de chambre—What the d—l, thought I, is in the wind now?—"You muſt take a cup of coffee Mrs. Trimwell; I hardly expected the honour of a viſit from a lady this morning—Lady Auguſta I hope is well?"

"Very ill indeed, Sir, very ill indeed; but I am ſure ſhe'd never forgive me, if ſhe knew I came hither to inform you of it."

"I am ſorry for her Ladyſhip's indiſpoſition; but, as I am no phyſician, I cannot poſſibly preſcribe for her."

"I am certain ſure, Sir, if you knew all, it was more in your power to cure her, than in any body's elſe—you underſtand me, Sir?"

"Faith, not I, Mrs. Trimwell; all I know is, that when fine ladies are very ſick, they muſt undergo the common routine of medicine like other folks."

"My lady does not want ſuch medicines as you buy at the 'pothecaries, Sir; a few kind words from your honour, I believe, would do the buſineſs more effectually."

"If you think kind words would benefit your lady's health, I would ſend her my whole ſtock, Mrs. Trimwell."

"I believe, Sir, they would ſucceed better if you would be kind enough to carry them to her yourſelf."

Montroſe,

Montroſe, a man is ſure to find himſelf in a deviliſh hobble when he gets into the clutches of a lady and her ſoubrette; ſo I e'en ventured to tell her, I would call on her lady during the courſe of the day.

I knew the handſome Miſchief was prepared to receive me, by the confuſion ſhe betrayed on my entrance; for every pretty feature had been well inſtructed how to play its part.

But Lady Reaſon now ſat high throned in my boſom, and ſet all the fair Auguſta's blandiſhments at defiance, which now ſerved but to diſplay the title-page of her mind.

Nothing, George, humbles a proud beauty like taking her at her word. After ſome introductory converſation, I reſpectfully apologiſed for my late conduct; and fearing ſhe might unkindly baniſh me her preſence for my preſumption, I gave her my honour never to repeat my fault, and hoped I might be allowed to ſeal my pardon with my lips on her hand.

Inſtead of a reply, ſhe complained of a violent return of the pain in her head. I rubbed her temples with eſſence; ſhe grew better, though I ſaw ſhe was piqued to the ſoul, and bit her lips for vexation.

I again

I again courted her hand, to repeat the ſeal of my forgiveneſs; ſhe was not inflexible to my entreaty—ſhe grew worſe—the drops were again called for—they proved ineffectual—I applied a more ſpecific cordial, ſoft nonſenſe (the only quack medicine I know untaxed, though its uſes in female caſes are ſo general). It had its deſired effect—I begged leave, if ſhe found herſelf better in the evening, to attend her to the opera. This revived her prodigiouſly; I ſaid I would anſwer with my life it would remove her great dejection of ſpirits. If I thought ſo, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would venture.

Having eſcaped this ſnare, ſhould the fates, to puniſh me for my ſins, join me for life to a coquet, I ſhould hang myſelf in deſpair to cut ſhort the evil. Adieu.

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER XI.

Lady Auguſta Finleigh *to Miſs* Fenton.

Paris.

O HARRIOT, my artifices have undone me! how ſhall I dwell on a tale that overwhelms me with rage?

I have ſacrificed my peace to my caprice; I rejected the offered hand of Courtland, but to ſtimulate him to repeat the offering with added warmth, which, vanity flattered me, he would again urge me to accept the next day, kneeling at my feet.

Never think, Harriot, of playing tricks with thoſe as wiſe as yourſelf. Courtland is quite *au fait* of all the caprices of a woman's mind; had he been a prim cit, or raw country ſquire, I could have lured him back to his allegiance whenever I choſe to extend the ſceptre of mercy.

I have practiſed all the arts of my ſex upon him, but ſtill the wretch retains his inſenſibility. I affected ſickneſs, he ſhewed compaſſion—I ſighed, he was inattentive—I frowned, but he was not chagrined—I was petulant, his good humour provoked me—I abuſe his whole ſex,

ſex, he ſays mine are all angels, ſings a ſoft air, and ſo I am forced to forgive him.

He has certainly the fineſt temper in the world, is never ſevere on any ſubject but that of coquets, and ſays, he wiſhes it were in the power of man to invent a remedy to make a beautiful woman a rational creature: "For," ſaid he gaily the other night, at a large aſſembly of belles, "a coquetiſh woman fills up no uſeful ſtation in life. They make bad wives; for, previous to their marriage, their tenderneſs is all exhauſted on a ſet of coxcombs they don't care a ruſh for: and bad mothers alſo, for they have no genuine affections; and bad friends, for they are totally abſorbed in the love of themſelves; and bad members of ſociety, for they have neither integrity nor principle."

"And pray Sir, what are the men?" rejoined I. "Whatever your ſex, Lady Auguſta, pleaſe to make of us;" returned he, kiſſing my hand.

Again, Harriot, my imagination ſoars to the bright regions of hope. I have a ſtrong *preſentiment* his coldneſs is only affected, and he may yet be mine.

He talks of viſiting England early in the ſpring; ſhould he ſpend the ſummer

at

at Roſelands, the proximity of our houſes furniſhes me with golden expectations: I ſhall then engroſs him all to myſelf. I have talked to him in the moſt exalted terms of his ſiſter, to engage his eſteem. And as to Emmeline Ackworth, I can have no apprehenſions of her ſupplanting me: a thing made up of rural ſimplicity, and conceited airs, who has art enough, nevertheleſs, to become the General's idol. But ſhould ſhe dare oppoſe her ruſtic beauties to my ſuperior charms, the attempt may be attended with danger.

Lord Roxborough raves at my conduct towards Courtland; but who could have thought but all fine fellows were alike, until the difference were proved? Adieu.

AU. FINLEIGH.

LETTER XII.

Mr. Courtland *to* G. Montroſe, *Eſq.*

Paris.

HOW frail, Montroſe, are the reſolves of men who live only according to the impulſes of the moment! Thy laſt letter* had ſo combated all my follies, I believed them ſcattered in air, and my poſt-chaiſe was at the door to convey me to England, when a billet from Lady Auguſta hurried me to attend her toilet. With men of true ton, you know a lady's commands ſhould be held indiſputable.

Faith, George, ſhe grows every day more lovely; her manners ſeem to have undergone an entire revolution; the proud imperious Auguſta is now condeſcending, gentle, tender; and if Lady Reaſon ſhould once quit her poſt, which ſhe has for ſome time ſo vigorouſly maintained about my heart, it may be in ſome danger yet of a ſurrender.

To ſpeak freely amidſt this vortex of folly and faſhion, in which I continue

* This letter does not appear.

to

to float, there remains ſtill a void in my breaſt, which no purſuit can fill up.

To purſue what is called life by a certain ſet of people, requires a ſacrifice to all the domeſtic virtues, and a fortune that is boundleſs, if the honeſt demands of the induſtrious are to be properly anſwered. We provide only for our vices, and leave the laborious tradeſmen to ſupply all our wants.

The man of pleaſure looks with contempt on the man of prudence, whilſt the man of prudence ſurveys the folly and madneſs of the man of pleaſure with equal ſcorn.

I dare ſay you think I ought to be thankful to Lady Auguſta, that ſhe ſhowed me the title-page of her mind before I purchaſed the book. In converſing with theſe high-bred women, there is no ſpider-web ſimplicity to entangle the affections, which, I begin to think, are neceſſary to ſecure the heart. For in ten minutes I can get deeper into the ſentiments of a woman of faſhion, with all her helps of education, than I could in ſo many years into thoſe of a girl whoſe mother at her birth wrapped her in the mantle of prudence, and continued through life to feed her with the milk of diſcretion. Now, before a man could

get at the real ſentiments of a female ſo educated, he might dance attendance upon her till old Time had ſhook his powder-puff about his ears, and left him without a tooth in his head. Without being able to extort more from her than this, with arms hanging, eyes drooping,—"Much obliged Sir, quite unworthy ſuch favourable ſentiments; but if my papa, mamma, grandmamma, and all my aunts, would conſent"—then, with her ſpread handkerchief over her face, conceals thoſe bluſhes with which the poor dog of a lover had been all along feeding his hopes.

Such a miſtreſs, George, would fit you to a hair; but I am too volatile to trace the ſubtle mazes which wind about the female heart. I make the tender paſſion the amuſement, not the toil, of my life. The woman I gaze on with rapture to-day, to-morrow the ſight of her ſickens me with diſguſt, if a new face preſents itſelf. The ſpell of a beautiful woman is eaſily broken, when ſhe forgets to enrich her children with the grand charm of modeſty.

Lady Auguſta has been giving me ſome anecdotes of the Roſeland family; my father's manſion ſhe ſtyles a terreſtrial paradiſe; and my ſiſter, the Eve which tempts

tempts man to wiſh to make his abode there. To convince you Lady Auguſta is not envious, ſhe declares Sophia to be the handſomeſt woman ſhe knows.

Miſs Ackworth ſhe paints as a mere country hoyden, an illiterate piece of vegetation, ready in a ſarcaſtical kind of wit, which is intended to make other folks look fooliſh, to increaſe her own importance; with no pretenſions to beauty, yet full of irony againſt all who have it; ever affecting great modeſty, even whilſt ſhe is plotting an intrigue, which is ſecretly carried on with a Mr. Falkner in the neighbourhood, without having ever awakened the leaſt ſuſpicion in my father.

If her Ladyſhip's accounts be exact, Emmeline's perſon and mind muſt be greatly changed ſince I left England. She was then a lovely girl juſt riſing into the woman, and ſhe ever poſſeſſed the ſecret charm of rendering all the world indifferent to me whenever ſhe was preſent. When children, we uſually ſpent our holidays together at my uncle's, and I was always indulged with bringing home ſuch of my ſchool-fellows as ſtood foremoſt in my friendſhip; but I never enjoyed an eaſy moment; their gallantries

to Emmeline raiſed ſuch a buſtle in my boſom, that expoſed my mind to perpetual torments; for which reaſon every hour in the day produced a freſh quarrel between us, and many a bloody noſe have I got fighting boys much older than myſelf, for having preſumed to offer her gallantries when I was preſent.

I remember once to have given a Chriſtmas ball to all the young folks within many miles of Courtland Manor. As propriety deſtined my hand for the evening to Lady Fanny Brumpton, her brother Lord William made a tender of his to Miſs Ackworth, was accepted—and, O reproach to my gallantry! my jealouſy took the alarm in the midſt of the fête; I fell a-crying, and went off to bed in ſpite of all remonſtrances. Next day I affected to be ſick, and nothing could oblige me to quit my apartment till my ſiſter told me Emmeline would kill herſelf with crying if I did not come down and make friends; for ſhe would rather never dance again, than that I ſhould be angry with her. This was the firſt conceſſion ſhe ever made me in all our quarrels, ſo that I was quite tranſported; I flew to my uncle, and aſked him if I might not make her a preſent of

my

my little horſe, becauſe it was ſo gentle; for walking was fitter exerciſe for ſchool-boys.

Well, I eaſily made my peace with her, but my bribe of the horſe was not accepted. Montroſe, ſhe poſſeſſed the ſweeteſt temper, with the quickeſt feelings I ever found united.

Perhaps it will be unneceſſary to add, I diſcovered an early propenſity to the ſex, and a romping bout with Emmeline made up my ſum of happineſs. Endeavouring to eſcape from me one day, I ſeized her by the frock, great part of which remained entire in my hand; ſhe carried on her reſentment for ſome days with great ſtatelineſs, whilſt I was doing extreme penance all the while; but no ſubmiſſion could atone for the indecorum of which I had been guilty.

Another time, having prevailed on her to take a walk with me, whilſt my ſiſter was engaged, I flew for her hat and tippet, and, after helping her to put them on, I would have rewarded myſelf by ſnatching a ſingle kiſs; but, would you believe it! ſhe deemed the offence ſo enormous, that ſhe vowed never to ſpeak to me again. "Do you know, Maſter Courtland," ſaid ſhe, "that when monkies ape men, they become objects of

contempt; but when they play ſuch gambols as become their ſpecies, they might divert for a moment." I made the application, and was ſo provoked at it, I told her I would ſooner drown myſelf in the canal, than paſs my life with ſuch a vixen.

Perhaps, George, you will ſcarcely believe me, when I tell you, there is no period of my life I can turn to, which affords my recollection equal ſatisfaction to that which I paſſed in conſtant quarrels with the pretty Emmeline at Courtland Manor. Adieu.

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER XIII.

To the Same.

IF recollection of paſt follies ſhake the ſoul, what muſt be its tortures when oppreſſed with guilt?

Oh, George, ſuch a packet from my father as ſhakes the very nerve of ſenſibility. I ſee by its date I ought to have received it a month ago; don't ſay I have a flinty heart, though it has been a truant

truant one; yes, it now weeps blood for the unmerited ſufferings of my revered parent. That father, whoſe character is an honour to human nature, has felt the pangs of extremeſt hunger; and I his ſon! but of what avail now are ſelf-accuſations? If it be not too late, I will fly to him; yes, my dear and honoured Sir, from this inſtant I am yours, if it be my preſence only that be wanting to give your heart a holiday, and to pour the balm of peace on the laſt remnant of a life ſeverely pained!

From this moment, my father, I am yours; by copying your virtues, I ſhall implant them in my own mind. I will exert all the faculties of my ſoul to ſubdue the vices of my nature, and every effort I make in the cauſe of honour, I truſt will ſubdue in me ſome evil propenſity the love of pleaſure has planted there. But why, Montroſe, did my father thus long conceal from me the moſt intereſting events of his life! to what painful viciſſitudes has he been expoſed!

I cannot proceed; my gay proſperity now holds up to my mind a mirror, which repreſents to my aching eyes a horrid ſpectacle. It is in vain I try to ſhut out thought; but the ſilent admonitions of conſcience will not be repulſed.

Can repentance, Montroſe, ever come too late for mercy to reach it? if not, I fly then.

Adieu, and love me as you ſhall find me deſerving. Much your's,

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER XIV.

Miſs Ackworth *to Mrs.* Aylbert.

Roſelands.

IS not pity, dear Madam, the grand machine that ought to actuate the finer ſprings of nature? No wonder then the ſenſualiſt, by indulging his groſſer ſenſations, is a ſtranger to its gentle pleadings.

In a converſation we lately had together, you ſaid that religion had the ſame influence on the heart, as the ſpring upon the vegetable world; it gives life and energy, feeds and cheriſhes what would be a dead maſs without its animating warmth. Was our dear General without this enlivening hope, how could he ſupport his ſon's unkindneſs?

About

About a fortnight ſince he received a letter from him, dated London, hoping to embrace him in a few days. Alas! many are elapſed, but no Courtland appears.

The tranquillity with which he ſupports this cruel diſappointment, adds a higher luſtre to his character: bred in the ſchool of affliction, he bears his diſappointments with Chriſtian firmneſs.

Not ſo my dear Sophia; her gentler ſpirit is quite ſubdued, and your Emmeline, Madam, attempts in vain to adminiſter conſolation to both.

To what ſcenes of innocent delight did we not all look forward? but, alas! the etherial touch of gentle pity, never, never warmed the wanderer's heart.

Here, as we walked the garden, would the General ſay, On this loved ſpot, my girls, will we teach our Henry the beſt leſſon a Chriſtian can learn, how to exerciſe the duties of humanity. Here he ſhall be taught that the truly generous breaſt finds its ſatisfaction in what it beſtows, not in what it receives. Here, my children, you ſhall explain to him the beauties of a well-ſpent life, and that an early piety is the only foundation from whence real enjoyments can ariſe; enjoyments which are neither ſickened

by fear, nor interrupted by remorſe. Here, my Sophia, you ſhall convince him that diſappointments are the lot of mortals; and that the beſt conſolation under them, is to remember we do not owe them to our own miſconduct.

And here, my Emmeline, you ſhall mark out to the truant boy, how variouſly Providence has provided as well for our neceſſities as our pleaſures. This beautiful interchange of hill and dale, and wood and water, will offer ample ſubjects for ſpeculation; and whilſt the eye ranges the wilds of creation, the heart may worſhip in ſilent adoration.

And here, my children (claſping us both to his boſom), your brother ſhall find an internal ſatisfaction he has never yet experienced; here he ſhall feel the firſt dawnings of virtue in a boſom which wanted courage to repel the inſiduous attacks of a vicious age; and here we will beg of Heaven to grant him its aſſiſtance in the glorious taſk of working out his reformation.

But, alas! Madam, the ſunſhine of our expectation is ſet behind the clouds of diſappointment. "If I were a man," ſaid I to the General, "I would go to London immediately and fight him, if I could not bring him to reaſon without it.

"Alas!

"Alas! my love," ſaid he, forcing a ſmile, "the worſt men want not courage to defend a bad cauſe; and he that will not act uprightly from principle, will never reform from compulſion."

O how does the amiable Falkner riſe on the compariſon! conſtantly following the dictates of an upright heart; whilſt Mr. Courtland ſeeks only the gratification of his paſſions.

With Sophia's beſt love, believe me, my revered friend, your's moſt affectionately,

E. Ackworth.

LETTER XV.

Lady Auguſta Finleigh *to Miſs* Fenton.

St. James's Square.

WHY were you not in town, Harriot, to hail my arrival? I came hither attended by the all-conquering Courtland. Finding he was departing for England, I propoſed to my brother to ſet off under his eſcort, as we were on the beſt terms in the world, ſtill hoping that ſomething

ſomething on the journey might bring him again to a renewal of his offers.

I am ſorry to tell you, a ſet of his old acquaintances have him at Brookes's, and much I fear will not let him eſcape out of their clutches whilſt he has a guinea left. Though I know he does not love play, yet I know he cannot reſiſt importunity.

The women have always looked upon him as their own man; and each fondly believing ſhe thinks herſelf the object of his adoration.

My ſpirits, Harriot, kindle at the thought; for, though I loſt him by my folly, I may yet win him back by my prudence.

Yet he is not what he was ſince our arrival in London; his vivacity ſeems to have forſaken him; he ſighs frequently, but is ſilent on the cauſe.

Fly to town immediately on the receipt of this: for, next to Courtland, you hold the heart of

AUGUSTA FINLEIGH.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. Courtland *to* G. Montroſe, *Eſq.*

Dear George, Great Ormond Street.

HOW to recede I know not—how to proceed is equally difficult. I bluſh for my paſt conduct, I tremble for my preſent.—Here I am ſtill the ſport of fools, the dupe of knaves, repenting ſtill, and ſtill offending. All my fair promiſes of amendment once more blaſted; I find it harder than I thought to eſcape Satan's clutches: he pulls with a tight rein, and, alas! the reſolution which is not determined, is eaſily ſubdued.

All my old acquaintances have ſeized on me like ſo many vultures, eager to devour their prey; they give me not a moment's pauſe for thought. Thus ſituated, I feel I cannot ſupport the awful gaze of virtue at Roſelands, when I ſtand here ſelf-convicted at the bar of my own conſcience.

I have no news to fill up my letter, unleſs you will give me leave to introduce you to ſome of the characters of my old acquaintances.

Sir Charles Willoughby has a cool head and a corrupt heart: happy in the command of feature, he conceals the greateſt provocations till the revenge he meditates be ripe for execution: he laughs much, though an emotion of joy never touched his heart but when he has brought ſome credulous fair one to believe that virtue is a bugbear, which every pretty face ſhould ſet at defiance. He plays high, but never gives into any exceſs of the bottle, leſt it ſhould make the ſeat of prudence totter, and diſcover the ſecret miſchiefs of his mind.

Bob Langford, in the common acceptation of the word, is a very honeſt fellow, drinks, games, keeps miſtreſſes, and ſings a good ſong; is a great ſtickler for the church, whenever its ſucceſs is toaſted in burgundy, though I believe he never was in the inſide of one ſince his chriſtening, unleſs drawn by curioſity to take a ſurvey of its ſculpture and paintings. Whenever he pleads incapacity to diſcharge his debts, no one doubts his word; he thinks little of this world, leſs of the next, and never uttered a falſehood to man, nor a truth to woman!

Lord Layton is not the leaſt diſtinguiſhed in my *dramatis perſonæ*. His father, when very young, matched him with

with an heireſs of immenſe fortune; a low-born illiterate cit, whom he mortally hated the firſt moment he ſaw her. From the hour they were united, they drove different ways; he to the tavern among the men, ſhe to diſplay her jewels among the women. He gallanted it with every woman that came in his way; ſhe revenged his infidelity, by ſacrificing her reputation to an officer in the guards; and at this inſtant my Lord is anxiouſly waiting to get his divorce completed.

What, a *dramatis perſonæ*, Courtland, without a female! methinks I hear you exclaim. No, Sir, glutton-like I reſerve the *bon bouche* for the laſt.

The beauties of Lady Auguſta are already dead and buried in my boſom; and the beloved friend of her heart, Phœnix-like, riſes out of her aſhes, and Harriot Fenton is become the reigning goddeſs of the hour. A true *matoiſe*, brought up with the idea of making her fortune in the men markets; few women have more induſtriouſly cultivated the art of pleaſing: for, whilſt ſhe teaches the eye to languiſh, ſhe never fails to make the boſom throb. Her affectation of ſimplicity is delightful; for the counterfeit

terfeit veil is ſo thinly drawn over every well-inſtructed feature, that the cheat is eaſily diſcovered.

Upon my faith, I believe I ſaw a hundred miſſes of the ſame ſtamp laſt night at the Pantheon, all tricked out in gaudy finery, to catch us fools of fortune.

Juſt as I was about to quit the room, Harriot came running to me, affecting a very becoming terrour, which deſerved ſome notice for its ingenuity, ſaying, that, by ſome ſtrange accident, ſhe had loſt her company.

I aſked her to put herſelf under my protection. "How can I? What will the world think, Mr. Courtland?"—"That I am a very fortunate fellow, Madam," handing her to my chariot. She affected a kind of uneaſineſs, which a few *paroles muſquées* I always have ready immediately diſſipated; and I ſoon found, had not my paſſions been more under ſubjection than my nymph's, we might both have had reaſon to repent the rencontre.

It was near three in the morning before I left her houſe, her father and mother not being yet returned from their midnight orgies. What a ſhame is it for faſhionable parents to leave their handſome

handſome daughters thus expoſed to the attacks of every libertine that comes in their way!

I never will pretend, George, to conſtancy in love; for I do honeſtly aver, I ſhall never continue faithful to one fair face, till old age has palſied my nerves and dimmed my ſight.

"Why, Courtland," methinks I hear you exclaim, "are you not at Roſelands?"—I can only anſwer in return, the world—the world—the world.——Adieu.

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER XVII.

To the ſame.

Great Ormond Street.

I AVER, Montroſe, the tyrant of the world to be Pleaſure, which ſteals, like an opiate, on the ſenſes, enervates the cords of reſolution, and abſorbs every nobler principle which ſhould dignify the man; blunts all the finer emotions of the ſoul, and leaves it in the moment of diſappointment, ſatiated with thoſe enjoy-

enjoyments which can yield it no ſatiſfaction.

If you are really my friend, fly to me immediately; ſnatch me from the ſurrounding dangers; for I have loſt all command over myſelf. I am hourly devoting myſelf to pleaſures in which my heart has no ſhare. Cards, dice, dreſs, equipages, &c. &c. &c. have coſt me, in the courſe of one month, ſeveral thouſand pounds; while I inwardly ſigh to enjoy the loved ſociety at Roſelands. Yet ſtill is my mind enſlaved by the idle ſuggeſtions of faſhion and folly.

Every night, or rather morning, I retire diſguſted to my apartment: I aſk myſelf, what virtues I have performed to grace the day? None—none—none; ſelf only has been made the object of attention; the ſenſualiſt lives but for himſelf—the world is his god.

After a few hours of unquiet reſt, the light again returns: the gay viſions of fancy again dance before my ſenſes; and every fair promiſe which virtue had made during the night, diſſolves in air.

I fly to company. Lady Auguſta Finleigh is an unſociable friend, and a dangerous enemy. A vain woman is incapable of friendſhip; but, for prudential motives, I muſt not break off with her.

To

To her chidings I return a *helas, bien paſſionée*; which men of gallantry have always at command.

My gentler flame, the reigning ſultana of the day, Miſs Fenton, with all her pretty affected graces, though ſhe amuſes my mind, will never touch my heart. She has a lively wit and a playful fancy; yet ſhe has too much of the world about her to be natural; ſhe will always excite admiration, but never create love.

Lady Auguſta is horribly jealous of my attentions to her friend; and I believe my conduct towards theſe ladies will ſoon prove to the world what an unſtable thing is friendſhip between two handſome women, when both have the ſame object in purſuit.—Don't call me coxcomb, but believe me ever your's,

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER XVIII.

Lady Auguſta Finleigh *to Miſs* Fenton.

Miſs Fenton, St. James's Square.

NOTHING but the extreme *poverty* of your ſituation could have entitled you to my compaſſion. I wiſhed to give you a little credit in the world, by introducing you among people of faſhion; and you have requited my kindneſs by ſeducing from me the affection of the man in the world I prefer before all others.

Come no more near me, I command you; if you would not wiſh perſonally to receive the contempt of

AUGUSTA FINLEIGH.

LETTER XIX.

Miſs Fenton *to Lady* Auguſta Finleigh.

Bruton Street.

I NEVER ſuppoſed, Lady Auguſta Finleigh, the friendſhips of handſome girls were otherwiſe than leagues of intereſt,

tereſt, where each purſues her own advantage.

The end for which I have lately endured your imperious behaviour, is at length fully anſwered. To help ourſelves is the firſt principle in nature. If I have ſucceeded better than your ladyſhip, blame your own want of merit—not me. Fine fellows of fortune will judge for themſelves; and who ever diſputed a Courtland's judgment?

Your ladyſhip may depend upon it, I ſhall not give your porter the trouble to refuſe me admittance at your door; for be aſſured my hours are more pleaſingly employed with the pride of my heart, than in dancing attendance on an inſolent woman of faſhion. Adieu.

H. FENTON.

LETTER XX.

Mr. Courtland *to* George Montroſe, *Eſq.*

Great Ormond Street.

CONGRATULATE me, dear George, that I am thus far on the right road. I ſupped with a large party laſt night at the

the tavern. They did me the honour to place me in the chair, which, they all ſaid, I filled with credit; but the ſequel will ſhow whether or not they have had reaſon to change their opinion of my conduct.

As we roſe to depart, I ordered them all to prime with bumpers. When their glaſſes were filled, they demanded my toaſt. "On your knees, you rogues," ſaid I, "before I name it." They obeyed, vociferating, "is it a lady or a ſentiment?" "O, a ſentiment, a ſentiment," cried I—"*My own reformation, my lords and gentlemen:*" ſo ſaying, I drank my wine, daſhed my glaſs on the table, jumped over the back of my chair (for I was ſtanding in it), ran down ſtairs, and leaped into my chariot, leaving theſe ſons of riot to make what comments they pleaſed on my behaviour. I felt ſuch a recruit of ſpirits on my return home, that I ſat up the remainder of the night to ſettle my affairs, ſo as to be able to leave town by ten o'clock; and I am now, dear George, waiting the arrival of my chaiſe to carry me to the honourable aſylum of my father. But I am interrupted——

AGAIN I reſume my pen.—Wilſon came in to announce the arrival of a ſtranger. I wiſhed to have been denied; but it was too late: he approached me with a reſpectful politeneſs, begged pardon for his intruſion, and aſked if my name was Courtland? I returned his interrogation with a bow, and entreated to know his commands. He viewed me a moment with ſilent attention. I felt an uncommon emotion in my boſom. At length, claſping his hands, he exclaimed, "Pardon, my ſon, a father's feelings; nor deem my viſit an intruſion. 'Tis long ſince I have claſped you in theſe arms," extending them; "if the world has not your heart entirely, O give your father the tender ſatisfaction of a moment!"

"And can you, ſir," cried I, "after what is paſt, vouchſafe to welcome a penitent to your boſom?"

He folded me to his heart—I ſhrunk from his embrace—I dropt on one knee—He knelt alſo—I was penetrated to the ſoul—I could only exclaim, "How dare I meet your eye! How dare I en-

treat for pardon till I have earned it by duty!"

"Enough, my ſon," again embracing me. "I come not to ſhew you my reſentment, but to meet your love—not to reprove your indiſcretions, but to aſſure you of my regard. We do not know ourſelves till the trial comes: the virtue which has not been proved, is never to be depended on; and I truſt, if the ſincerity of my prayers have reached Divine Goodneſs, you will yet fulfil the raiſed expectations of a father, only anxious for your good."

He appeared highly pleaſed, when I told him I was waiting the arrival of my chaiſe to carry me to Roſelands; and ſaid, he hoped he ſhould have himſelf the ſatisfaction of preſenting me to my anxiouſly-expecting ſiſter, and his beloved Emmeline.

I made ſeveral attempts to ſay ſomething in extenuation of my conduct; but he ſaid, the preſent moments were too precious to be waſted in recurring to paſt events, which could yield the mind no ſatisfaction.

Various appointments, he ſaid, would not permit him to prolong his ſtay; but requeſted I would meet him at the Turk's

Turk's Head at ſeven in the evening. I promiſed faithfully, as I could not prevail on him to take up his reſidence with me.

But mark the waywardneſs of my fate. I was ſtepping into my chariot to fulfil the appointment, when a billet from Harriot Fenton, commanding my immediate attendance upon her, ſilenced at once the clamours of nature, and made me prove myſelf a—*villain*.

That I do not ſubſcribe, as uſual, is becauſe I will not debaſe the name of ——

LETTER XXI.

G. Montroſe, *Eſq*; *to* H. Courtland, *Eſq*.

SIR,

AS no true friendſhip can ſubſiſt but between men of honour, I write only a few lines, to deſire, that henceforth all correſpondence may ceaſe between us; for I no longer dare to call that man my friend who tramples on every tie of affection and humanity.

Whatever rank a man may hold in the world, I deſpiſe him, if his daily life does not add a luſtre to it. Cruel, hard-hearted Courtland! who, for the ſociety of a worthleſs woman, could damp the glowing tranſports of ſuch a parent, and deliberately pierce his boſom with affliction's keeneſt pang!

A malicious mind always feaſts on the miſeries of mankind! But pardon me, Sir, as I have no right to interfere in your affairs; therefore, for the laſt time, I ſhall ſubſcribe myſelf your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

GEORGE MONTROSE.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. Courtland *to* George Montroſe, *Eſq.*

DEAR GEORGE, Great Ormond Street.

THOUGH thy laſt letter was *aſſez cauſtique* in all conſcience, yet it was not more ſo than I expected. Bear with me a little, my good fellow; for if there were no ſinners, the church would loſe its eſtabliſhment. Pri'thee, pardon this levity:

levity: I have not a hard heart, though it has been a truant one.

My laſt concluded with mentioning the note juſt brought me from Harriot Fenton. It was written very incoherently; and her ſervant, who brought it, told Wilſon, he feared, if I could not ſee his young lady that evening, it would be fatal to her, for ſhe was exceedingly ill.

On adjuſting the matter in my own mind, I thought it would not make half an hour's difference, if I called on her before I went to Gerrard Street. I therefore diſpatched a note to my father, to ſay, I hoped he would excuſe me, if I was a few minutes after my appointment, having an unexpected call upon buſineſs.

My plan thus ſettled, I made my viſit to Miſs Fenton with more ſatisfaction than I ſhould otherwiſe have done; and, had I found her dangerouſly ill, as I expected, ſhould have felt a real concern. But, heavens and earth! what was my indignation, when I ſaw the beauteous witch, in all the pride of health, dreſſed out with every blandiſhment that could enchant the ſenſes or enſlave the paſſions!——I felt my face

glow with indignation, to have been ſo trepanned. The burning bluſhes of ſhame covered me with confuſion. I gazed ſilently on the ſorcereſs, till my eyes grew dim, and my head giddy. My blood ſeemed congealed in my veins—I dropped on the ſopha—She looked alarmed, concluded me ill, and would have applied ſome eſſence to my temples: her very touch re-animated my ſenſes—I ſprung from my ſeat, ſaying, "Imprudent girl, your folly has tarniſhed my honour, and deſtroyed my peace!—I will never ſee you more, if I can help it; but let me leave this advice with you—that the moſt ſeductive charm in beauty is modeſty."

I flew down ſtairs, without waiting her reply; but, to my great mortification, when I reached the ſtreet-door, I found my chariot drove off. I waited ſome time there, till Wilſon found it; and, though I heard violent ſcreams from a ſervant within, ſaying, her young lady was in fits; yet nothing could tempt me to enquire after her.

When I ſtopped in Gerrard Street, judge of my agitation, when I found the following billet inſtead of my father:

BIL-

BILLET.

" SIR, Turk's Head.

" AS a man of *honour* will not forfeit " an engagement, however a man of " *pleaſure* may, I attended the hour of " appointment, and, after waiting a " long time in vain, I am about to re- " turn to my lodgings.

" You know not the tender expecta- " tions you have blaſted. I have long " ſtudied in the ſchool of diſappoint- " ment; and it was but a few hours " ſince I firſt began to feel the dawn- " ings of peace on my ſoul. Alas! it " was but a ſhort-liv'd joy!—I fear " there is no avenue to your heart, by " which a parent can find the road to " your affections; and though you diſ- " own the title, yet give me leave to " tell you, no man loves you better " than

" H. COURTLAND."

When I got home, my mind was worked up nearly to a frenzy, on finding my note on the table which I had ordered to be carried to Gerrard Street: one of my provoking fellows, not being able to read, I ſuppoſe, or through careleſſneſs,

leſſneſs, carried a letter I had juſt finiſhed to the Comte of Verneuil at Paris.

I had not a ſoul to aſſiſt me in this painful dilemma. I was nearly diſtracted!—I diſpatched Wilſon to all the coffee-houſes, but without effect. I thought next of ordering poſt-horſes, and flying to my ſiſter at Roſelands, to entreat her to make up a breach that muſt render me truly contemptible in the eyes of my father.

Dear George, aſſiſt me with thy advice this once, and reconcile me to myſelf, if poſſible.

(In continuation.)

I WILL proceed with my ſtory, if the agitation of my ſpirits do not oppoſe it.

For ſeveral days after the mortification I received in Gerrard Street, I kept myſelf denied to all company; yet ſtill making, by Wilſon, every poſſible enquiry after my father, but without ſucceſs. At length, on finiſhing my ſolitary dinner, looking over my cards of invitation, I found one for the evening, to Lady Bolton's aſſembly. As people of the firſt world crowd thither, I was

combating

combating in my mind, whether I would go, or not. Wilſon found me fluctuating; and, wanting to rouſe my attention to any thing, without waiting my orders, immediately prepared for my dreſſing. I ſtared at his conduct!—A daſh of the coxcomb, however, at that inſtant roſe in my boſom. "I have loſt the powers of pleaſing," ſaid I; "I am no longer what I was!—but I will proceed to dreſs nevertheleſs."

When the important point was adjuſted, I looked in the glaſs. I was not diſſatisfied with my appearance. Another daſh of the coxcomb roſe in my boſom, to meet the former: the vanities incident to my ſituation and time of life, came ruſhing upon me all at once; nor quitted me when I arrived at Lady Bolton's, as the ſequel will ſhow.

I found the parties moſtly ſettled at cards. I abſolutely refuſed play; and amuſed myſelf with general chat for ſome time, till, ſtrolling into one of the leſſer drawing-rooms, I found two ladies in converſation with Lady Bolton, one of whom ſeemed twice the age of the other. The youngeſt, if not a finiſhed beauty, yet had attractions ſufficient to rivet my attention. I eaſily ſlid into converſation with her, and ſaid,

when the other ladies had finiſhed their converſation, I would propoſe a party of whiſt; for I began deviliſhly to fear my new flame would be diſpoſed of out of my reach.—She ſaid, ſhe never played at cards. This reply ſtartled me, as I ignorantly believed that every well-dreſſed woman muſt be a miſtreſs of all the faſhionable games. "I hope, then, Madam," ſaid I, "you will allow me the honour of initiating you into their moſt ſecret myſteries."

She thanked me with great ſweetneſs, ſaying, ſhe feared ſhe ſhould never feel the *true* flame, without which it was impoſſible ever to arrive at real knowledge.

Here her friend quitted Lady Bolton, telling me, if I preferred chatting with her young *protegée*, Lady Bolton would diſpenſe with my company at the card-table.

I could ſcarcely controul the joy I felt on receiving ſuch welcome intelligence; and, in return, made her every poſſible acknowledgment for it, ſaying, I hoped, when we met again, I ſhould inform her I had not waſted the precious moments which Fortune ſeemed prodigal to laviſh on me.

"Be cautious, then," cried ſhe, with a good-natured ſmile, as ſhe left me;

" for when the heart becomes moſt ſuſceptible, the reaſon is apt to be off duty."

The young lady made an effort to follow her; but I ſaid, detaining her, I was too much enamoured of my good fortune, to reſign it ſo eaſily.

And now my better genius failed me, and led me into a ſcrape, from whence I did not eſcape but with infinite ſhame and confuſion.

This good old gentlewoman, thought I, is one of thoſe neceſſary chaperons of the day, whoſe buſineſs it is to bring handſome girls into the world, for the purpoſe of making their fortunes, by enſnaring us ſilly coxcombs, who are caught by the appearance of every pretty face; otherwiſe ſhe would not ſo indiſcreetly have conſigned ſo ſweet a treaſure to me, without knowing ſomething of my character.

I ſoon found my *belle incognita* was totally deficient in that ſpecies of cunning and fineſſe which generally diſtinguiſh town-bred ladies, who ſacrifice truth for the faſhionable jargon of *bon ton*, and native ſimplicity for childiſh affectation.

All my ſophiſtry could not conquer a reſerve, which ſeemed natural to her;

and, as ſhe had expreſſed herſelf a perfect ſtranger to the town, I did not doubt, I told her, but a few evenings, in promiſcuous aſſemblies like the preſent, would conquer that amiable timidity, which became her ſo infinitely; and that her tongue would then confirm the miſchiefs her eyes had made.

"If knowledge of the world, Sir," added ſhe, "would make me wiſer, or better, it would be a valuable acquiſition; or if it would add a virtue to the heart, which could not be found in retirement, the trial might be worth the hazard: but let me aſk you, Sir," continued ſhe, "of what uſe is any knowledge which tends to relax the principles, and ſtrips vice of its deformity? The approaches of pleaſure are inſinuating, and the danger can only be avoided by flight."

"Were divines, Madam," interrupting her, "to preach with your eloquence, I ſhould ſoon become a convert."

"The reformation of an infidel," ſaid ſhe gaily, "is a work for which I feel myſelf quite unqualified."

"Pardon me, Madam—What! when every tone, look, voice, geſture, ſpeaks to the heart—" preſſing her hand.

"Give

"Give me leave to tell you, Sir, that flattery, however well-timed, can be endured only by thoſe who wiſh to have their underſtandings impoſed upon; and it is rather intended to feed the vanity of thoſe who give it, than to give pleaſure to thoſe who receive it."

"Nay, now, Madam, you are too ſevere."

"I would always be juſt, Sir."

"By your plain dealing, Madam, you cannot have lived long in London."

"Juſt long enough, Sir, to ſee the poor deſpiſed—the virtuous ſcorned—and modeſty ſtared out of countenance"—going.

To be ſure, George, at that moment my whole ſoul ſhot into my eyes, which were rivetted on her ſweet face.

Still holding her upon her ſeat—"When beauties like yours, Madam, dazzle the ſenſes, you muſt not be ſurpriſed if admiration be not always confined within the limits of diſcretion; for beauty, Madam, though ſhe be the queen of the paſſions, is alſo the tyrant of the heart; and when ſhe ruſhes upon us, armed for victory, we are eaſily brought to a ſurrender."

"When folly is predominant in either ſex," added ſhe, "we eaſily find excuſes to juſtify our weakneſſes."

"Granted,"

" Granted," returned I, preſſing her hand with my lips; " but—but——"

This was a mortal offence, which called all the blood up into her cheeks.

" You abuſe the confidence, Sir," riſing abruptly, " which my amiable friend juſt repoſed in you—Pray, let me go."

" Whether my conduct can be deemed criminal or not, Madam, we will refer it to her deciſion; for, had ſhe not ſeen ſomething confidential in me (being quite a ſtranger to her), ſhe would not have delivered over ſo precious a truſt to my keeping. Therefore all I have to entreat now is, that you will indulge me with one half-hour to-morrow morning; but remember we muſt be quite alone."

" Sir! Sir!" bluſhing indignantly.

" That charming emotion, Madam," cried I, " at the ſame moment it clings round my heart, warms my hopes alſo."

" What levity, Sir, have you diſcovered in my conduct that could lead you to talk thus abſurdly?"

" None, Madam; you are all that is amiable; and I only want to learn wiſdom from your example. I have been ſo often ſucceſsful with handſome women, that I am not eaſily repulſed; and,

and, believe me, I never ſaw a frown wrinkle the brow of beauty," ſhe looked grave, "without attempting every effort the tendereſt paſſion could deviſe to chaſe it thence."

"What a pity it is," ſhaking her head, "that men ſhould degrade the dignity of their nature, by ſuffering folly to obſcure the lamp of reaſon."

"Was you ever at a maſquerade, Madam?"

"Never, Sir. Why ſhould people trouble themſelves to wear maſks occaſionally, when, with unbluſhing confidence, we ſee them daily commit the greateſt enormities without them?"

"Though very young, Madam," returned I, "you ſeem to entertain very unfavourable ſentiments of the world in general. Now, as you have been very ſevere on my ſex, be ſo good, Madam, as to give me leave to rail a little, in turn, at yours.——If the heart of every lovely woman were as ſpotleſs as her face is fair, we ſhould ſoon be transformed into angels; for, in the ſhort time I have been converſing with you, I feel myſelf ſurrounded by a purer atmoſphere, which your very breathing has created; and ſuch an entire metamorphoſis has taken place in my boſom, that

that though I could boaſt of a ſound heart when I firſt ſaw you, yet, by a glance of your eye, it is already converted into a cinder."

"You are a very extraordinary gentleman, Sir;"—"And not entirely diſagreeable, I hope, Madam. I pay court to every fair face I ſee, they all have my admiration, but my love I leave entirely under your direction, to ſeek a place in your own boſom: if, on proof, you find it worthy, O grant it a ſanction!"

"Though I decline the offering, Sir, yet give leave to make you one in return. Look in this glaſs (taking one from her pocket); examine it well, and it will ſhew you the only object you ever can love, till your vanity condeſcends to take a lecture from humility."

Faith, George, I was never ſo confounded in my life; I affected to kiſs it with rapture, when the good lady her friend accoſted us, and after ſome general converſation, ſhe ſaid their carriage was in waiting, and, if I was not engaged, ſhould be glad of my company to ſupper.

Breathleſs with joy, you will believe I accepted the invitation, and I was hurrying them down ſtairs, when I heard my charmer whiſper her friend, "For Heaven's

Heaven's ſake, Madam, think of the impropriety of your invitation! he appears to be one of the vaineſt men breathing."

"No matter for that," replied ſhe, "we may yet find a rod to humble him."

I ordered my chariot to follow us—

"On enquiry," ſaid the elder lady, "I find, Sir, you are a bachelor, otherwiſe I ſhould not have granted you this favour: I love to be the means of bringing young people together."

"The devil you do!" thought I; "I hope, Madam, you will ever find me grateful for this indulgence."

"I hope ſo too," returned ſhe; "now you ſee, Sir, when the ſpirit of intrigue is early planted in the female breaſt, it is not in the power of age or infirmity to drive it thence. I hope, my dear (to the young lady), you have not converſed ſo long with ſo pretty a gentleman, without having retained ſome predilection in his favour? nay, I hope, you are deſperately in love."

"Dear Madam," cried ſhe, "for Heaven's ſake pray conſider, if you thus give way to a freedom of ſpeech, can we wonder that men ſhould preſume?"—

"If

"If you are thus charming in your anger," ſaid I, "how very irreſiſtible muſt you be, when the gentler ſprings of your ſoul are actuated by tenderneſs?"—kiſſing her hand, which trembled with paſſion.

"Prithee, my dear," replied the good lady, "don't be angry at ſuch trifling gallantries; when you know more of the world, you will ceaſe to be ſurpriſed at the conduct of men of faſhion: for ſuch kind of compliments are intended as a reward to your merit, not an offence to your modeſty. Come, Sir, be ſincere, and tell me what are your ſentiments about love."

"Sincerity, Madam, has nothing to do with love, and a fine woman; yet I can tell you what are my preſent ſenſations, and that my paſſions have taken up arms againſt my reaſon, and ſeem determined to war againſt my peace. But love I have always likened to a flower-garden, without a fence, open to all, affording a moſt delightful regale to the ſenſes; and its ſweets, by ſilently gliding into the rougher boſoms of men, at once diveſt them of their natural ferocity, and make them the tameſt of all domeſtic animals."

"But,

"But, Madam," (to the young lady) "I may be wrong in my ſentiments; will you not indulge me with yours?" "Love is a ſubject, Sir, I have not much conſidered," replied ſhe; "but, from the little I have ſeen, it appears to me a hobgoblin, which leads all ages and ſexes who are under its influence, out of the road of common ſenſe, into the moſt intricate mazes of folly and nonſenſe, becauſe it diſdains to take reaſon for its guide."

"But after all, Madam," interrupted I, "you muſt allow, however various may be the caprices of love, there is a gentle ſoftneſs in its bondage, for which the mightieſt conquerors are proud to throw their laurels by. It gives ſuch extacy!"

"Extacy!" cried the elder lady, interrupting me, "that's the motto which Maſter Cupid has engraved on his banner to faſcinate the eyes of men; he never lets them ſee the reverſe till it is too late, on which we ſee *diſappointment* generally depictured in golden letters. But *à-propos* of eyes, how do you like my young friend's here?"

What an extraordinary queſtion was this, George? if I outſtepped the limits of decorum, was I not juſtified? "O Ma-

dam,

dam, preſſing the young lady's hand to my lips, "they were created for the envy of your ſex, and the deſtruction of mine."

The dear little charmer was horridly provoked, and exclaimed, "How dare you, Sir!—let go my hands. How can you, Madam, thus encourage the folly of the vaineſt man alive? depend upon it, I never will ſee him again."

"That point muſt be ſettled hereafter," replied ſhe coolly; "I have taken a mighty fancy to our young ſpark."

The coach ſtopped, I handed them out; the faſhionable appearance of all ſurrounding objects did not belie my firſt opinion, that I was got into the hands of ſome damaged quality, and therefore I determined to make the moſt of my adventure.

I led my young lady up ſtairs; the drawing-room door opened, at the upper end of which ſat a gentleman and lady reading.

"General Courtland," exclaimed my venerable conductreſs, as ſhe entered, "on my route to-night, I have picked up your prodigal ſon, and brought him home to ſup with us. Miſs Courtland, I hope you will never have reaſon to regret the preſent moment, that reſtores

to

to your wiſhes a long-loſt brother. Miſs Ackworth (for it was ſhe to whom I had been diſcharging ſuch vollies of rhapſodical nonſenſe), if you can pardon a young gentleman for a few levities, ariſing from his being ſuddenly intoxicated with his good fortune, under your direction Mr. Courtland may yet prove a valuable friend."

I had little recollection of this world, and none of the next, at ſo unexpected an harangue.

My father advanced and embraced me; as I approached my ſiſter, ſhe ſunk almoſt breathleſs in my arms; I could only ſay, "O my ſiſter, intercede with my juſtly-offended father, and entreat him not to paſs judgment on my conduct till my juſtification be heard."

"O my brother!" throwing her arms round me, "if ever the ſacred name of father was dear to your ſoul, reſtore peace once more to that loved boſom, which you have cruelly deſtroyed."

"Kneel with me then," cried I, "to deprecate his forgiveneſs, and, believe me, I could not have ſtaid thus long in his awful preſence, were I as criminal as appearances make me; I have been cruelly deceived, and bitter has been my pain."

He

He wrapped his arms about us both, ſaying, " Riſe, my children; that you can juſtify your conduct, my ſon, at once wipes out the offence; and let not the ſhade of ſorrow pervade over the happy moment ſo long wiſhed for by us all."

In a few words I explained to them the whole tranſaction, and the anxieties I had endured in conſequence of it; my ſiſter ſhed tears of joy in my boſom.

" Come hither, my deareſt Emmeline," ſaid my father, " and partake of our tranſports, and let me preſent you with a brother, who, I truſt, will never again diſgrace the name."

I took her hand—I bowed upon it—I was too much agitated to ſpeak—I felt a ſenſation in my boſom to which I was a ſtranger till that moment—I trembled exceſſively. The gentle Emmeline was not without her emotions; her hand ſhook as I preſſed it in mine.

However, after a pretty long pauſe, during which the eyes of all preſent were fixed upon us, I ſtammered out ſomething, that my future happineſs could never be complete, if ſhe continued to retain the opinion ſhe muſt have formed of me from my conduct on the preſent evening.

She condeſcended to ſay, "It was already forgotten, loſt in the dear ſatisfaction of ſeeing her beſt friends reſtored to peace of mind." Adieu; I will cloſe the thread of my narrative in my next.

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Same. (In Continuation).

Great Ormond Street.

I NOW reſume my pen. Mrs. Maitland, the good lady who entrapped me, is the widow of a general officer, who was my father's deareſt friend after Colonel Ackworth; and whom my father had long promiſed to bring his girls to viſit; from the moment ſhe ſaw me ſhe was ſtruck with my great reſemblance to my father; and, on Lady Bolton's confirming her ſuſpicions, ſhe begged her to be ſecret, for ſhe had a plot in her head againſt me, which, if ſhe executed happily, ſhe would not keep from her.

Well, after our firſt tumults were a little ſubſided, I paſſed the two moſt delightful

lightful hours of my life; and when I received an invitation to breakfaſt the next morning, I felt more real ſatisfaction, than if all the other pleaſures of life had been opened to me.

I found the tea-table ſurrounded on my arrival, and every face preſent, welcomed me with joy.

"May God Almighty, my children," ſaid my father, "long preſerve you a bleſſing to each other, and make you a virtuous example to the world; but remember, that the well-ſpent hours of youth can alone leſſen the regrets of age; and beware that the decays of nature be not aggravated by the perpetual gnawings of a guilty conſcience."

"Though I confeſs with ſhame," ſaid I, "I have hitherto led a very excentric life; I truſt, with my beſt endeavours ſtrengthened by ſuch excellent examples, I ſhall one day become a not unworthy member of ſociety; my indiſcretions have ariſen rather from a too great flexibility of temper, than from a diſpoſition naturally prone to vice. For in my early days, my dear Sir, I never felt the force of your inſtructions; in my riper years I was left with no guide but my paſſions. With a heedleſs impetuoſity I have traverſed the rounds of indulgence, unop-

poſed

poſed by diſappointment, without once pauſing to aſk myſelf whether I had duties to fulfil or not; till, diſguſted with every thing, I grew moſt diſſatisfied with what had once been my pleaſure."

"My dear ſon," ſaid my father, very obligingly, "till we have combated with the world, we know not our own ſtrength; and having found out where the weakneſs lies, flight is the ſureſt means of preſervation till our virtue be ſufficiently ſtrengthened to meet the foe. Thus, with our principles confirmed by religion, we may march boldly on, aſſured that victory will crown our toil. You are yet but a very young man, and by a proper exertion of the talents Heaven has lent you, I hope to ſee you one day honourable as a ſenator; for your birth will give you rank among the higheſt—diſintereſted as a friend—faithful and tender as a huſband."

At that inſtant my eyes were fixed on Miſs Ackworth; I felt a ſudden glow upon my face, yet have I been puzzled to the ſoul ever ſince to know what could have occaſioned it.

Adieu for the preſent; I am interrupted.

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER XXIV.

From Miſs Ackworth *to Mrs.* Aylbert.

Soho Square.

MY laſt * informed you, dear Madam, of our ſafe arrival in Soho Square, and of the General's great diſappointment after his firſt interview with his ſon.

Well, we had nothing but ſorrowing and ſighing for ſeveral days; the General ſupported himſelf, as uſual, with a manly firmneſs; but the boſom of my dear Sophia was deluged with its ſorrows. Mrs. Maitland propoſed taking us to an aſſembly; I would have declined it, but the General entreated I ſhould comply with her wiſhes, as Sophy, through indiſpoſition, was quite unqualified.

Soon after I arrived at Lady Bolton's, I was ſingled out by an inſufferably vain man, who, I ſuppoſe, took me for ſome wild uncultivated flower, juſt tranſplanted into the poliſhed parterres of faſhionable life, wiſhing, I ſuppoſe, to impoſe

* This letter does not appear.

himſelf

himſelf upon me for an exotic of no common excellence; for he was adorned with all the powder of the auricula and the gaiety of the tulip; the roſe alſo had lent him her freſhneſs, and the lily her complexion; yet the aſſemblage formed the moſt agreeable whole I have met with ſince I came to town.

We have been ſince very much ſurpriſed that I did not diſcover Mr. Courtland in him, or he Emmeline Ackworth in me. I ſhould certainly have remembered him, but for the exerciſe to which he applies a pair of the moſt penetrating eyes I ever beheld, that I feared ever to meet his gaze. Mrs. Maitland was in one of her whimſical humours, eloped with him from Lady Bolton's, nor gave him the leaſt hint of her deſigns, till ſhe led him into the awful preſence of his father.

I have not leiſure to deſcribe to you the tender ſcene which enſued; ſuffice it to ſay, we are once again a family of love and harmony; and Mr. Courtland ſpends the greater part of his time with us, and has politely attended us to ſeveral public places. There is a ſprightlineſs in his manner, which renders his obſervations very intereſting.

Who ſhould we meet the other morning in the Park, but that compound of pride and ill-nature, Lady Auguſta Finleigh: ſhe reddened exceſſively on ſeeing us, and I thought Mr. Courtland's complexion looked heightened, to be detected with two country girls, one hanging on each arm.

She glanced a look of ineffable contempt upon me, then aſked me, whom I had left at Roſelands to preſide over my ſnow-drops and daffodils?

"Nature and the ſun-beams," replied I, "to both of which I know your ladyſhip has an unconquerable averſion."

"And your prudery, Miſs Ackworth, I hope you have carefully cloſetted at the ſame place; for it will ſtand you in no ſtead here."

"So I find, Madam; but I choſe to bring it to town nevertheleſs, as its ſingularity may be of uſe to one who has little elſe to excite attention."

"If real modeſty," rejoined Mr. Courtland, "be the quinteſcence of female merit, Miſs Ackworth may vie with the proudeſt of her ſex." She bit her lip, and ſaid, "She had often heard when panegyric overleaped the bounds of truth, it ſometimes appeared like ſatire in diſguiſe;

guiſe;" but, turning to Miſs Courtland, begged to know her addreſs, that ſhe might wait upon her, to fix a day which ſhe hoped ſhe would ſpend with her in St. James's Square.

"As your ladyſhip," replied Mr. Courtland, "has excluded Miſs Ackworth, as well as myſelf, from the invitation, I hope ſhe will indulge me with paſſing the day with her, and I'll anſwer for it, our time will be agreeably filled up without the intervention of cards or ſcandal."

She looked extremely mortified, and aſked him how long he had been returned from the country?

"I have not been out of town ſince I had laſt the pleaſure of ſeeing your ladyſhip," rejoined he; "my time has been ſo wholly devoted to my father, and my two charming ſiſters here, that all other objects have been indifferent to me."

"Your ladyſhip cannot imagine," continued he, "how proud I am of my new relation," taking my hand; "and it is not poſſible for me to ſay which ſiſter has the greateſt ſhare of my affection."

"Well," ſaid Miſs Courtland, "the confeſſion is generous, and, what is very ſingular, Lady Auguſta, though we are both rivals who ſhall ſtand foremoſt in

my brother's love, yet it does not leſſen our regard for each other."

"Your ladyſhip muſt allow that to be a very ſingular circumſtance," ſaid Mr. Courtland; "for two beauties ſeldom agree, where they have the ſame objects in purſuit." She coloured, and, had it been in her power, would have annihilated us all with a look; but I can pity the mind which is kept in a perpetual ſtate of humiliation from its own vanities. Adieu my dear Madam.

E. ACKWORTH.

LETTER XXV.

To the Same from the Same.

Soho Square.

WHY are you not here, my dear Madam, to partake of our ſatisfactions? what a family are we become of harmony and love! The General already repoſes the moſt perfect confidence in his ſon, and Sophia's affection for her brother hourly increaſes, and that brother's conſtant attentions to your Emmeline, makes her of ſome importance in the

the group. I believe Mr. Courtland gives us more of his time than is agreeable to his other connections: for, a few nights ſince, he attended us to the Pantheon; Lady Bolton was our chaperon, Mrs. Maitland being indiſpoſed with a cold.

Juſt as the company were retiring, a young lady of the name of Fenton accoſted Mr. Courtland, expreſſing her ſurpriſe at ſeeing him, having concluded he was dead and buried in the country; for he had not lately been viſible at any public place, whilſt he aſſured her he was never in better health and ſpirits, and that he had not been out of town. With a confidential boldneſs ſhe threw her eyes on Sophy and me by turns, bit her lips, and changed colour, then whiſpered him ſomething of revenge.

In a low voice he begged ſhe would not expoſe herſelf; ſhe then inſtantly diſappeared, and ſoon after a note was delivered Mr. Courtland by a waiter.

I gueſſed its contents chagrined him; he looked diſturbed, and entreated we would excuſe his abſence for a few minutes.

We waited his return for ſome time; but Lady Bolton's coach filling up the way, ſhe was obliged to leave us, as we were to return in Mr. Courtland's

chariot. You will eaſily judge, Madam, how very diſagreeable our ſituation became, when we found ourſelves the only females in the room.

The ſingularity of our ſituation drew upon us the attention of ſome young men of faſhion, very much intoxicated, who concluded we were of that wretched ſtamp of females that make a ſacrifice of virtue and innocence for the ſad alternative of ſhame and miſery.

They proved to be three intimate friends of Mr. Courtland's: one of whom, a Lord Layton, ſeizing me, ſaid, "In all his rounds of pleaſure, fate never threw ſo delicious a temptation in his way;" and would have kiſſed me, calling me his roſe-bud.

"But faith, my lord," cried the other, "it is not without its thorns;" for I abſolutely ſlapped him on the cheek. "No matter for that," added his lordſhip; "the pleaſure which is attained without difficulty, is not worth the purſuit; but I have made a confounded miſtake, Sir Charles; what I believed a roſe, I find to be a ſenſitive plant; ſee how it ſhrinks at the touch." As I endeavoured to wreſt myſelf from his graſp, we made the room reſound with our cries; but the waiters, who were paſſing and repaſſing, knew

their

their places too well to pay them any attention.

"Whoever you are, gentlemen," ſaid Miſs Courtland, "it is baſe in you to take advantage of diſtreſs; men of honour would be proud to remove it; when our protector appears, you may repent this conduct."

They laughed aloud, repeating the word *protector*—"Come, come, my ſweet girl," ſaid Lord Layton to me, "if you intend to diſplay a ſhew of innocence to enhance your price, it ſhan't deter me from making the purchaſe. We won't quarrel for trifles, like man and wife; here is my purſe, and if it be not heavy enough to weigh down your ſcruples, you ſhall make your farther demands hereafter."

I took it and threw it to the other end of the room. "Poor man," rejoined I, "behold the uſe I make of your money, for which I entertain as great a contempt as for the donor." I ſcreamed aloud—

"Aye, ſcream on, my pretty angel; for were the whole town to come to your reſcue, I would ſooner die than quit my hold." Then I was his ſweet paſſionate dear, and he was enchanted with my pretty affectation of modeſty, becauſe it was ſo new to girls of my ſtamp; he ſaid

that he adored me for its novelty, as it might enſure his conſtancy for a month to come; and again would have kiſſed me.

" Bold inſulting wretch," ſaid I, " let me go this inſtant, or you may tremble for the conſequences." Again we both cried for help: I could not attend to what paſſed between Sophy and Sir Charles Willoughby.

I was near ſinking with terror when Mr. Courtland entered the room. " Halloo, Courtland," they all vociferated at once, " ſuch a pair of charmers; but as you are only in at the death, you have no right to ſhare in the prize."

" Good God, gentlemen," replied Mr. Courtland fiercely, " if the leaſt inſult has been offered to theſe ladies"—

" And what then," interrupted his lordſhip; " ſurely Harriot Fenton has ſufficient attractions to engroſs your affections? What the d—l, Courtland, do you think you have a right to monopolize every fine girl that comes in your way? Prithee return to Harriot again; nor think of interpoſing between *me* and *my* pleaſures; for here I am fixed, and ſo good night.—Come, Madam," attempting to drag me along.

Mr. Courtland threw his arms around me, ſaying, "I hope, gentlemen, when you know theſe ladies are my ſiſters, you will bluſh at *your* conduct, and aſk *their* pardon."

This procured Sophy her releaſe; but it had not the leaſt effect on his lordſhip, to whom I was ſtill a priſoner. He laughed immoderately at Mr. Courtland—ſaid, he had made uſe of a pretty ſubterfuge to ſcreen himſelf, but the artifice was too ſhallow to take. "Therefore my pretty angel," drawing me by the arm, "the ſooner you wiſh this *brother* of yours a good night the better; for I will ſupport my right in you againſt a hundred ſuch."

Sophy having convinced the other gentlemen of their miſtake, they begged her pardon, and I interpoſed, but with little or no effect; for his lordſhip would not quit his hold. "But prithee, Courtland," cried he, "what right have you to oppoſe me in my pleaſures?"

"I have at preſent, my lord," rejoined he, "that right which every man of honour ought to have, when he ſees youth and innocence thus cruelly oppreſſed; and *will* maintain that right, my lord, to the laſt drop of my blood."

"Come, my lord," ſaid Sir Charles, "we have been in an egregious error; tender your humble ſubmiſſions to the lady, and reſign her to her brother."

"Whew, whew!" whiſtled he; "a pretty cheat you would put upon me, becauſe I am a more fortunate fellow than yourſelf. And ſo, Courtland, every pretty woman you want to monopolize, you make a ſiſter of her?—but I ſhan't give her up—upon my ſoul I ſhan't; for I was never better diſpoſed to indulge a frolic in my life, nor ever more determined to defend one; and therefore, if your courage does not fail you, come on."—He drew his ſword—Mr. Courtland did the ſame.

"Miſs Courtland ſcreamed; the gentlemen interpoſed; I ſunk quite ſenſeleſs on the floor; nor did I recover any degree of recollection till we got home. The General was retired for the night; Mr. Courtland entreated admittance for one quarter of an hour, which his ſiſter granted on condition he would endeavour to raiſe my ſpirits, whilſt ſhe made enquiries after Mrs. Maitland's health."

I found my ſituation extremely awkward, which Mr. Courtland's anxiety about me tended greatly to increaſe, though

though I aſſured him again and again, I felt myſelf nearly recovered.

"But I never can recover your good opinion," rejoined he, "which I prize beyond every thing elſe; yet my curſed imprudence deſerves the mortification it has found."

I told him I could not ſee how he could have acted otherwiſe; for, not to have obeyed the lady's ſummons, he might have died by poiſon, and I hoped his life never would be endangered again by the ſword.

"If you, Miſs Ackworth, ſet any price upon it, it will be valuable indeed; but, after what has happened, you never can again put any confidence in me." I could have ſaid ſomething very ſaucy to him, but I ſaw he was too much pained to be trifled with: for I find this Harriot Fenton has been his reigning Sultana ever ſince Lady Auguſta Finleigh ceaſed to ſhare the empire of his heart.

What wretched times muſt women have, who ſeriouſly attach themſelves to men of Mr. Courtland's diſpoſition, one who to all the graces of perſon unites all the gaiety of converſation. Nature has given him a kind temper and a humane heart. Such men greatly embelliſh ſociety, but are not calculated to make an indi-

individual happy. It is only the more ſolid acquirements which can diſpoſe the heart to friendſhip, and form it to fulfil the ſocial duties of life.

It is a great misfortune to Mr. Courtland, that his chief aſſociates are men whoſe converſation can only tend to corrupt, not mend his morals.

What a contraſt to him is the amiable Mr. Falkner, who, though perfectly well bred, has not the ſlighteſt tincture of libertiniſm. His converſation is the reſult of good ſenſe, embelliſhed with a great deal of literature: he neither ſwears, to be thought a man of *honour*, nor makes a jeſt of religion, to gain the appellation of a *wit*: to his relations, the good Doctor and Mrs. Patterſon, he fulfils all the duties of a ſon; to his friends he is obliging and attentive; to his inferiors gentle and affable; and to the poor tender and humane. The good love him, the diſtreſſed honour him, and the wicked fear him.

Amidſt the variety of amuſements, in which we are hourly engaged, you will eaſily conclude, Madam, this ſcrawl to have been the work of many days.

I have much more to ſay, but it muſt be reſerved for a future letter.

Mr.

Mr. Courtland loſes his ſpirits; I fear all is not yet ſettled to his ſatisfaction between him and Miſs Fenton; ſhe is a lovely woman, but I hear has a diſpoſition to coquetry; and Mr. Courtland ſeems to have that warmth of temper which could ill brook a rival in his love. Adieu, my dear Madam. Your's ever,

E. ACKWORTH.

LETTER XXVI.

G. Montroſe, *Eſq*; *to* H. Courtland, *Eſq*.

DEAR COURTLAND, The Glens.

WITH what animated joy do I now tell you, your friendſhip is dearer to my ſoul than ever; perſevere, my friend, in the path of duty you are now in, and doubt not but the end of your race will amply crown your toils.

Never did I eſteem you ſo much, as when you paint yourſelf overwhelmed with ſhame and contrition, kneeling at the feet of your father, when your uplifted

lifted eye could only ſupplicate for that forgiveneſs your tongue refuſed to aſk.

Experience, I truſt, hath at length convinced you, that the ties of nature produce emotions as lively and as touching as thoſe excited by the paſſions. The former flow in upon the ſoul like gentle ſhowers, which refreſh and invigorate Creation's work; the other rages like a furious blaſt, ſcattering deſolation whereſoever it drives.

There is a generoſity in your ſelf-accuſation which does credit to your candour: the reverence with which you ſpeak of your father, does honour to the filial feelings; in your conduct towards your ſiſter you have proved yourſelf capable of fraternal affection, and the tender ſenſibility you have diſcovered for Miſs Ackworth, proves you ſuſceptible of a refined and delicate friendſhip.

Adieu my Henry; ſurrounded as you are, it were unmerciful to plague you with long letters; therefore I ſhall only add, with truth, that I am ſincerely your's,

G. MONTROSE.

LETTER XXVII.

H. Courtland, *Eſq*; *to* G. Montroſe, *Eſq*.

Great Ormond Street.

I CAN truly ſay, George, I begin to feel a ſenſation of pleaſure before unknown to me, *viz.* the approbation of the good and worthy; your laſt letter was moſt welcome to me, as it expreſſed your entire approbation of my conduct; but do you really think me capable of feeling "a refined and delicate friendſhip?" and do you rejoice it is Miſs Ackworth that can inſpire it?

Yes, upon my ſoul, I do feel ſomething for her of the moſt lively kind, but whether it be friendſhip or not, time alone muſt determine.

I ſee, with infinite regret, however deſirous a man may be to quit his follies, yet the conſequences of them will be ſtill daſhing at his peace, thwart him in his deareſt hopes, and expoſe him to the cenſure of thoſe he moſt eſteems.

I almoſt live at Mrs. Maitland's; ſhe is an excellent woman, and I have the honour to ſtand high in her good graces, notwith-

notwithſtanding the blunder I made on our firſt acquaintance.

My father's converſation is ſo replete with information, that I never quit him, but I gain ſomething on the ſide of virtue, which imperceptibly files off that falſe fire, which coxcombs ever ſuppoſe to be the very criterions of taſte.

There is a corrected vivacity in my ſiſter, that makes the trifling prattle of other women tedious to me—There is in Miſs Ackworth— But I am leſs *au fait* of her diſpoſition than of any other perſon in the family, yet I have ſtudied it with the moſt minute attention.

Whenever I try to read her mind, I find my own perplexed; my ideas are involved—and—and—and then I revolve in my mind what could have occaſioned the buſtle ſhe made in my boſom when we were but children; I find her now only grown handſomer, though her features are but little altered; had I firſt ſeen her by day-light, I could not have blundered as I did; but the tall girl adorned with native ſimplicity, I never dreamt of finding dreſſed out in all the turbulence of faſhion; yet ſhe complies with cuſtom rather to avoid ſingularity, than to indulge a paſſion for dreſs. In every

every converſation, in every airing we take, I find ſo much ſweetneſs blended in her obſervations, ſo much tenderneſs in her diſpoſition; but whether ſhe has a heart formed for all the tender ſolicitudes of love, I am yet to learn.

I attended her and my ſiſter a few nights ſince in company with a party of ladies to the Pantheon, when my evil genius, in the perſon of Harriot Fenton, took up arms againſt me, firſt expoſed me to ſhame, and then left me a prey to the moſt horrid inquietudes.

Harriot ſeeing me with two ladies, before whoſe beauties ſhe felt her own eclipſed, was inſtantly ſeized with paroxiſms, to which coquets are ſubject; that is to ſay, fits of jealouſy. After ſome little converſation with me, in which ſhe could not conceal the gall that embittered every ſentence, ſhe left me; but I was ſoon after honoured with a note from her, written with a pencil, expreſſing in the ſtrongeſt terms—if I would prevent ſuicide, I muſt follow the bearer.

Knowing the violence of her temper, I thought it moſt prudent to attend the ſummons, and making ſome apology to the ladies, I left them, ſaying I ſhould return in a few minutes.

I found

I found the enraged fair one, "mad as the Prieſteſs of the Delphic god;" and, after having endured the pelting of a ſhower of reproaches with the moſt provoking calmneſs, I begged to know what were her commands with me.

She was horridly provoked at the queſtion, then inſiſted on knowing what ſhe had done to loſe my good opinion?

"So far from it, Madam," ſaid I, "I never felt myſelf more diſpoſed to ſhew you all poſſible reſpect, than at the preſent moment."

"Reſpect, reſpect!" repeated ſhe; "and is reſpect all I am to expect after what has paſſed between us?"

"Let me tell you, Miſs Fenton, when a man loſes all reſpect for a woman, his future friendſhip can only be a diſgrace to her. We have been greatly imprudent, and it will be for the credit of both our reputations, entirely to change the mode of our conduct, as we wiſh to preſerve each other's *eſteem*, if you like that word better than reſpect. The tongue of ſcandal has been let looſe upon us already; and if our connection has not been a criminal one, it has, nevertheleſs, been an indiſcreet one; and, though I have not been always ſcrupulous reſpecting my own character, I would wiſh

wiſh every ſuſpicion ſhould be removed from your's."

"Contemptible wretch," exclaimed ſhe, "go preach your new morality to the baby-faced idiot in the white tabby (meaning Miſs Ackworth), whom you brought hither to inſult me I ſuppoſe, concluding I ſhould be here. I ſaw with diſtraction her eyes downcaſt, unable to meet your ardent gaze, which but ſtimulated you the more to perſevere."

Did her jealouſy, Montroſe, heighten the deſcription, or did my eyes, to indulge my heart, drink in the delicious poiſon of Miſs Ackworth's beauty?

But to return; after ſhe had rung all the diſcordant changes of reproach on my ears, without effect, ſhe had recourſe to more certain means to ſubdue the feelings of us men, namely, tears and ſighs: theſe played more ſucceſsfully on my paſſions; and, kiſſing her hand, I aſked to be indulged the pleaſure of drinking tea with her the following evening.

This, with another preſſure of the hand, gained my diſmiſſion.

But judge, when I returned to the great room, to find all the company gone, except Miſs Ackworth and my ſiſter, who were cruelly ſeized on by Lord

Lord Layton, Sir Charles Willoughby, and others!

At ſuch a ſpectacle, aided by Emmeline's ſcreaming for help, who was Lord Layton's priſoner, all my prudence forſook me, and I became a prey to rage! I drew my ſword; his lordſhip, fluſhed with wine, did the ſame; and Heaven only knows what miſchiefs might have enſued, but for the interpoſition of the other gentlemen; for the ſight of Miſs Ackworth ſunk upon the floor, juſt raiſed by my ſiſter, ſooner unnerved my arm than any other conſideration could have done.

I flew to her, caught her in my arms; nor did ſhe recover her ſenſes perfectly, till after the coach drove off. As I paſſed Layton, I whiſpered him, he ſhould hear further from me on the morrow.

"We will all breakfaſt with you then," ſaid Sir Charles Willoughby and Langford, apprehenſive of conſequences.

"As you pleaſe, gentlemen," was all my reply, my whole attention reverting to Miſs Ackworth.

"If theſe gentlemen, Mr. Courtland, are your beſt friends," ſaid ſhe, when we got to Soho, "I hope the number of them is not great; for it muſt be difficult

cult to keep the mind uncontaminated, where it is every moment expoſed to catch the contagion of vice. If I were Lord Layton, or any other lord, I would ſooner throw away my title, than live to diſgrace it: a liberal mind is a gift which fortune ſeldom gives; and the exerciſe of benevolence affords it a ſatiſfaction it is not in the pride of birth to beſtow."

After the diſturbance of the evening, I paſſed a very unquiet night, and roſe much earlier than uſual, to diſpatch notes to my gueſts, who were to breakfaſt with me, begging them to defer their viſit till dinner; for I was racked with inquietude to get to Mrs. Maitland's, to learn if no ill conſequence had happened to Miſs Ackworth or my ſiſter from their laſt night's fright.

Perhaps it was only my fears told me Miſs Ackworth looked very pale; and as I was anxiouſly expreſſing my apprehenſions to her that ſhe was not well, the other ladies ſat ſipping their tea; and my father, who was reading a morning-paper, ſuddenly laying it aſide, ſaid, taking Miſs Ackworth's hand, "You have not been exact in your account to me, my dear, of your amuſements laſt night at the Pantheon: the paper here ſpeaks

ſpeaks of a fracas which happened between ſome gentlemen reſpecting a couple of ladies;—a Lord Layton and a Mr. Courtland ſeem to have been the principal characters. See, my ſon, if the fact be properly ſtated," putting the paper into my hands.

The account, George, was fairly drawn up, only the names of the ladies were omitted.

"If Miſs Ackworth, Sir," ſaid I, "has been ſilent on the adventures of the paſt night, I conclude it is generouſly to ſpare *me* from *your* cenſures, for having imprudently loſt ſight of a treaſure you had entruſted to my keeping."

I then related all that had paſſed, except my converſation with Harriot Fenton, which prudence told me was much better let alone.

"Well," replied my father, when I had done, "I am glad to find ſuch a charming ſpirit in my Emmeline."

"Indeed, Sir," rejoined ſhe, "I treated his lordſhip with great civility at firſt; but when I found him determined to perſevere, I wiſhed to expoſe his folly, and make him bluſh for it."

"I am too well acquainted, my love," ſaid he, "with the looſe manners of young

young men of faſhion, to be ſurpriſed at their conduct. It was once as much the duty of a gentleman to protect a woman of character in diſtreſs, as it is now-a-days the practice to take advantage of it; for, with a general corruption of morals, *true* gallantry is degenerated. But as your defenceleſs ſituation, my ſweet child, called aloud for a protector, I am happy to think you found one in my ſon; for the debt of gratitude I and my children owe your family, has conſtant claims upon us: and you, Courtland, from what I have already ſeen of your conduct towards my Emmeline, I hope you will make it one of the deareſt pleaſures of your life to cultivate her friendſhip."

I preſſed her trembling hands to my lips, in token of aſſent: her cauſe was *too* good to want an advocate to plead it with me; though I felt for her as much as man could feel, yet it was not fraternal affection, or friendſhip, but it was a ſomething I never felt for any other woman.

The affecting manner in which my father addreſſed her, awakened her ſenſibility. She threw herſelf into his arms, and burſt into tears, ſaying, "There is but one way, my dear Sir, by which

you can exquiſitely pain the heart of your Emmeline, and you have now ſucceeded: why will you talk of obligations you owe my family?—Oh! could my dear departed parents but ſee your kindneſs to their otherwiſe deſerted orphan, who, but for your goodneſs, had been thrown upon a wicked world, without any natural connexion in it! and but for your paternal kindneſs, I ſhould have been nobody's child!"

Mrs. Maitland and my ſiſter ſhed tears. I walked to the window. My father kiſſed away hers, (enviable ſituation!) and entreated her not to give way to a ſenſibility that might prove prejudicial to her health. "You diſtreſs us all, my love," ſaid he: "ſee, Mrs. Maitland and your ſiſter ſhed tears; your brother alſo is not leſs affected."

"You muſt all excuſe me this once," cried ſhe, "for my poor heart is *too* ſmall to contain the grateful ſenſe of your goodneſs to me; and it ſwells ſo hard, it would burſt if I did not thus give it eaſe. But for your tenderneſs, my dear Sir, my tears might have flowed for ever, with not a friend to dry them: your bounty has ſo richly ſupplied me with every thing, that I have nothing to aſk of Heaven but a grateful mind.

In

In you, I have the beſt of fathers—in Mrs. Maitland, a generous friend—in my Sophy, a ſiſter, with whom I have ſhared all the innocent pleaſures of my life—and now, in Mr. Courtland, you have given me a brother, whoſe eſteem it ſhall be my delight to cultivate."

"And when I prove unworthy the relationſhip," interrupting her, and tenderly preſſing her hand, "may I forfeit the regard of all that is dear to me in the world; beſides, I confeſs, till within a few weeks, I have lived only to the indulgence of the ſenſes, in which the mind has no ſhare; but, under a full conviction of my paſt errors, and the excellent examples I have before me, I truſt my future conduct will entitle me to the tender regard of all preſent."

"Then, Emmeline," exclaimed my ſiſter, "we cannot love our brother *too* much."

"What ſays my ſweet Emmeline?" ſaid my father.

"O," cried ſhe, wiping away the tears which ſuffuſed the fineſt eyes in the world, "I cannot always anſwer for myſelf. You muſt know, Mr. Courtland, I am a ſpoiled child; a little refractory ſometimes; and when you find me guilty of voluntary error, I will

cheerfully ſubmit to your correction; but when my faults proceed from inattention, I muſt crave your indulgence."

"Suppoſe then, my ſweet ſiſter," rejoined I, "we make a mutual agreement to correct each other's faults; and if we ever diſagree reſpecting what ſentence ſhould be paſſed upon them, we will refer our cauſe to our judges here."

The propoſal was readily agreed to; but I have not time to ſay more at preſent than that I am ever thine,

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Same. (In Continuation.)

Great Ormond Street.

I MET the party at dinner, according to appointment. Sir Charles Willoughby and Langford made me very handſome apologies for their conduct; but it was quite otherwiſe with Lord Layton; "for though," ſaid he, "I have but an imperfect recollection of what

what paſſed, yet ſomething in my boſom whiſpers me that, were I and the lady in the ſame ſituation, I ſhould be tempted to a repetition of the ſame drama; and, by my ſoul, Courtland, for millions of worlds I would not call ſuch a girl *my* ſiſter. How the devil do you keep your feelings in proper ſubjection? Is it poſſible you can look at her without love?"

"Why, faith, my lord, I can't ſay I do; but then it is ſuch a corrected paſſion, as can reflect neither reproach to her, nor ſhame to myſelf."

"That is confoundedly enigmatical."

"Nothing more obvious, my lord, if you knew all."

"Well, be it as it will, Courtland, I will never make the leaſt ſubmiſſion to you for my conduct. Lead me to the feet of the bluſhing girl, and, on my knees for whole hours together, I'll deprecate her forgiveneſs."

I told him, he aſked for what I dared not promiſe to grant.

"O, very well, very well," rejoined he, "I will take the liberty to be my own introducer. I look upon myſelf already as freed from the galling yoke of marriage; and if I do not make a bold march up to her heart, never be-

lieve me again. Has ſhe ever been in love?"

"Not that I have heard of, my lord, though her nature is ſenſibility itſelf."

"So much the better; wax ſooner takes an impreſſion than marble." Then drinking a bumper to her health, he ſwore he would viſit her that evening.

Breathleſs almoſt with the idea, I ſwore it was impoſſible.

"Why then, to-morrow," he ſaid.

"The ſame objection," returned I, "will ſtill remain."

This, they all allowed to be very extraordinary. I told them, I would one day give them my reaſons for it. Then, drinking to the healths of all preſent, I ſaid, if they approved my wine, I hoped they would think themſelves at home, as I had previouſly informed them I had an indiſpenſable engagement; and, taking out my watch, ſaid, the hour of my departure was arrived.

They ſwore, with a loud laugh, that my engagement muſt be with a lady.—I only bowed, and left them to their own ſuggeſtions.

Never did I offer ſuch violation to my feelings, as in this viſit to Harriot Fenton; for the beloved ſociety in Soho Square entirely engroſſed them.

I found

I found the well-practiſed ſyren had armed every lovely feature with a cupid, to recall my truant heart; which was as cold to all her ſoft allurements, as if it were going to hold a conference with my great-grandmother's picture in Warwickſhire. She was entirely diveſted of that inborn ſimplicity, which modern manners are ſure to deſtroy; but which, when found, ſeldom fails of making its captives, and, when united to a cultivated mind, has the all-ſubduing power of making the moſt determined libertine ſhrink abaſhed.

With a curſed childiſh affectedneſs, ſhe entreated my pardon for the violence of her conduct at the Pantheon, ſaying, as no action of her life could tinge her cheek with a bluſh till that unguarded moment, ſhe hoped I would ſcrutinize her conduct with all the tenderneſs of a friend, not the malevolence of a critic—Artful d—l!

I entreated her never to mention the affair again; and added, as our acquaintance had been merely *Platonic*, I wiſhed for a continuance of it; but as the world had been clamorous reſpecting its nature, I thought, for the *honour* of *both* our reputations, we could not in future conduct ourſelves with too much pru-

dence. "The adulation of the men, Miſs Fenton, is what your beauty and accompliſhments ought to entitle you to expect. Do not call me a coxcomb, when I ſay, few men have been more diſtinguiſhed by your charming ſex than myſelf; yet, till lately, I find my ideas of the tender paſſion were very imperfect."

"Which, I ſuppoſe," replied ſhe, reddening, "you have been learning to improve, of the lady in white I ſaw with you at the Pantheon."

"Were I to take a leſſon, Madam, on the ſubject, I know of no female breathing more capable of forming it *ſtrong* and *inſtant* on the heart."

Could her eyes have aſſaſſinated me, I had inſtantly fallen a victim to their rage; and as ſoon as her pride would give her leave to ſpeak, ſhe laviſhed upon me the moſt ſarcaſtic invective her malice could invent.

"Faith, my dear Miſs Fenton," ſaid I, taking her hands, "but that you look ſo provokingly handſome, I ſhould have ſtopped your tongue in its career, out of compaſſion to your lungs; but the various changes of feature diſplayed in your harangue, diſcovered in you graces unknown to me before.—Come, come,

come, let us kiſs and be friends: if you will confeſs you have been a little of the coquette, I am ready to declare I have been an egregious coxcomb; and let us both learn more wiſdom for the future."

"Cruel creature," cried ſhe, "you know you have it in your power to break my heart!—and then look to the conſequences."

"Firſt produce your tea then, my dear Miſs Fenton; and then, if you have not a more important engagement for the evening, permit me to attend you to Drury-lane, to ſee what the gods and goddeſſes are doing there."

For a moment ſhe knew not whether ſhe had beſt accept or decline my offer, though I could eaſily ſee ſhe would have given the preference to a tête-à-tête; but I had reſolved, for many reaſons, not to indulge her.

She then ſtarted a difficulty, that ſhe had no female to accompany her; but this objection I entirely over-ruled, by ſaying, I would inſtantly diſpatch a note, as I had often done before, to her old friend Mrs. Dormer, one of thoſe prudent ladies, George, entirely ſecured by age and uglineſs from any libertine approaches, and who therefore kindly lend their countenance to ſave appearances for

the young and thoughtleſs, who cheat the world with a ſhew of prudence, whilſt they are ſecretly planning the deepeſt intrigues.

My chariot found Mrs. Dormer at home, and we proceeded to Drury-lane: the play was half over when we arrived; and the buſtle we made on our entrance drew the eyes of the company upon us. But thoſe which mortified me moſt, were my father's, Mrs. Maitland's, and the two girls. I was ready to piſtol myſelf for vexation when I ſaw Miſs Ackworth and my ſiſter ſurrounded by the fineſt men about town.

I ſat biting my lips for vexation, when Miſs Fenton aſked me, if I had engaged Lord Moreton to plead the paſſion of love to my new flame in the next box?—meaning Miſs Ackworth.

"No, upon my ſoul, Madam; for, by his volubility, it ſeems to be the natural impulſe of the heart, and not a leſſon which he has conned by rote."

How I execrated that politeneſs which chained me to my ſeat—and Harriot Fenton alſo, for being the cauſe of it.

When the act was over, Lord Moreton came into our box, ſaying, he had juſt found the phœnix of her ſex—a woman who had beauty without knowing

ing it, and wit without abuſing it; "for though," continued he, "I have made downright love to her, ſhe neither gave me the ſmile of approbation, nor the frown of contempt."

"Faith, my lord," returned I, "I thank you for the intelligence: I am tranſported with her diſcretion."

"You know her then, Courtland?"

"That gentleman ſitting next her, in the ſcarlet and gold, I have the honour to call my father, who has given me the ſatisfaction of acknowledging her for my ſiſter, as well as that other lady with the white and blue panache."

"Then let me tell you, ſhe has done Rochdale's buſineſs with her dove-like eyes, without having uttered a ſingle ſentence: but as to the younger charmer, I will inſtantly pay my addreſſes to her, and you ſhall introduce me to your father."

I felt my ſpirits all in agitation! I ſcarce knew what reply to make. "I believe, my lord," ſtammered I, "an introduction to my father, upon the buſineſs you wiſh for, will anſwer no purpoſe;——I believe and hope my youngeſt ſiſter, whoſe affections you wiſh to obtain, is inviolably engaged."

" Why then the d—l take her; and ſo good night," quitting the box.

I bowed frequently to Miſs Ackworth during the repreſentation, and ſeveral times caught her intelligent eyes glancing towards Miſs Fenton.

When it was over, I hurried my company out, in an agitation of mind I could not conceal from Harriot's penetration; for ſhe ſaid, on my refuſing to ſup with her as I had done on former occaſions, that I need not be at the trouble of giving my reaſons for not partaking of her ſupper; for ſhe had learnt them from my looks towards the young lady at the play.

I would not tell a deliberate falſehood; and thinking it imprudent to confeſs the truth, I kiſſed her hand, after I led her into the houſe, and, bowing, ſtepped into my chariot, vowing, as I rolled along, never to get again into the clutches of a coquette, whoſe chief ſtudy in life is to make dupes of us fools of fortune: and here, George, do I cancel all my former arguments in favour of illicit love.

Late as it was, I drove to Soho Square, and found the *partie quarrée* at ſupper, who expreſſed abundance of ſur-

priſe at ſeeing me. Mrs. Maitland was cruelly ſevere upon me; and ſaid, her table was but ill prepared to ſatisfy my *groſſer* appetites, after my *mental* powers had been ſo richly feaſted at the banquet of wit and beauty.

"It is impoſſible," ſaid Miſs Ackworth, "to ſee Miſs Fenton and not admire her. I could not help looking at her myſelf."

"Nor at ſomebody elſe," ſaid Mrs. Maitland, "who ſat behind her;" meaning your poor friend, George.

She bluſhed exceſſively, for every eye preſent was fixed upon her.

"Could I have thought, Mrs. Maitland," ſaid I, "I had been ſo diſtinguiſhed, it would have helped to atone for a very diſagreeable evening I have paſſed."

"What a flatterer you are become, brother!" ſaid Sophia.

"Come, come, my dear," ſaid my father, "there are many gallantries due from *our* ſex to *yours*, which we will not call by ſo worn-out a name as flattery. I really believe your brother ſpoke as he thought, for he ſeemed to look chagrined."

"You do me great juſtice, indeed, Sir," ſaid I, "in ſaying ſo: I firſt commenced

menced an acquaintance with Miſs Fenton at Lady Auguſta Finleigh's. But her mind does not contain thoſe gentle virtues which her countenance indicates."

"Can that be poſſible?" ſaid Miſs Ackworth; "for the eaſe of her manners beſpeaks her mind all gentleneſs."

"You are a ſilly child," interrupted Mrs. Maitland, "and know *too* little of the world to judge of your own ſex by appearances. That ſhe is *kind-hearted*, Mr. Courtland, as well as half the fine men about town, will acknowledge: but, perhaps, ladies, I know more of her than even Mr. Courtland; for each new admirer believes himſelf to be the ſole object of her attention. You muſt know, ever ſince ſhe and her accompliſhments firſt excited the public attention, every effort has been made to catch ſome fool of fortune"—I bow'd—"who has not heard of her pranks; and now, as her beauty is in the wane, if ſhe can't bring it to a good market, ſhe muſt ſoon retire with her faſhionable parents into the country, to try her influence among booby ſquires, having failed of ſucceſs among the more poliſhed claſs of men."

"Well, brother," exclaimed my ſiſter, "if you are to be her happy man at laſt,

I hope

I hope we ſhall all be invited to the wedding. What ſay you, Emmeline?"

"O, I ſhould like it of all things," replied ſhe; "I dote on a buſtle; and pray let us have muſic and dancing; and we will all be dreſſed in virgin-white, Sophy, to pay proper reſpect to the bride."

"You do me honour, my dear ſiſter; but if ever I marry, Miſs Fenton, of all the women I know at preſent, will not be the object;"—wiſhing, George, to remove from her mind certain ſuſpicions I feared ſhe began to harbour.—"And I can further aſſure you, that if all, or at leaſt ſome *one*, of this company do not honour my day of days with their preſence, I never will marry at all. But I can aſſure you, I look forward with infinite ſatisfaction to the hour when, with joy, I ſhall reſign my liberty, if, among the circle of your acquaintance, you can find a woman, who, after the indiſcretions of my paſt life, will venture to embark with me on the uncertain ocean of marriage."

"I fancy," ſaid my ſiſter, "we could find many a one who would gladly make the voyage with you; but unleſs you are reſolved to take Diſcretion for your pilot, your

your bark would be overſet in the firſt ſquall."

"True, my dear," ſaid my father; "yet ſomething more is wanting than diſcretion in a wife to make the married ſtate completely happy—Affection only can ſmooth the many difficulties which will conſtantly, in our progreſs through life, oppoſe our ſatisfactions. I have known a woman, who has never violated any rule of diſcretion, yet made her huſband completely miſerable, though ſhe was faithful in the diſcharge of all the domeſtic duties; but by giving way to an over-ſolicitude about her houſe, her table, or her ſervants, the ſweets of domeſtic peace were entirely ſubverted by a ſour capricious temper; and though ſhe is what the world calls *a very good ſort of a woman*, yet ſhe may in general be ſtyled the unendearing wife—the ſevere miſtreſs—and the cold friend."

"That I may avoid ſplitting on ſo dangerous a rock," ſaid I, "as you, Sir, have given me two of the beſt ſiſters in the world, I ſhould be glad to take a wife of their recommending, as I hope they have my welfare too much at heart to ſelect for me an object who has not benefited from their examples." Then taking

taking Miſs Ackworth's hand (for I ſat next her), "Will you, my friend, find out for me a woman the exact counterpart of yourſelf? and I will throw my heart into your hands for you to diſpoſe of at your pleaſure."

"I fear," ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, "your heart would cut but a poor figure: having already had ſo many claimants, you can have now but a ſmall part to diſpoſe of."

"No, upon my honour," rejoined I, "it was entire till the bleſſed day which introduced me to this circle; and if you find any deep inciſions in it ſince, they are of your own carving."

"Hem!" cried Mrs. Maitland, laughing, "brothers hearts are apt to be wounded by ſiſters love! O, the raptures young men of the preſent age feel on ſaying fond things to their ſiſters."—My father laughed aloud.

"Every man, Madam, is not ſo bleſt in ſiſters as I am."

"Eſpecially," replied ſhe, looking archly, "when thoſe very dear ſiſters are not born of the ſame parents."

Emmeline coloured like ſcarlet.——I felt myſelf embarraſſed; which increaſed when my father ſaid to Miſs Ackworth,

"Have

"Have you heard, my dear, lately from Mr. Falkner?"

"Not very lately," ſaid ſhe; "but I have been thinking of him all the morning; and, in all our ſocial hours, he is ever preſent to my thoughts, fancying what he would ſay and do, on this or that occaſion."

I ſcarcely heard her out. I felt a ſenſation which ſeemed to benumb my faculties; and what Lady Auguſta Finleigh once told me concerning Miſs Ackworth's regard for this Falkner, ſtruck through my ſoul like a dagger.

"Why," rejoined Mrs. Maitland, "I thought, Miſs Ackworth, new favourites might have driven out old ones; for, after all the fine fellows you have ſeen, can you ſtill remain conſtant to your rural beau?"

"When, Madam, I ceaſe to eſteem a character ſo truly amiable as Mr. Falkner's, you may conclude my principles are degenerating, and that I have loſt all taſte for what is *truly* excellent."

A giddineſs here ſeized my head—with difficulty I reached the window—I ſaw no object diſtinctly—and the voice which was ſpeaking ſeemed very remote.

"I ſhall

"I ſhall be happy, Courtland," ſaid my father, "when you viſit us at Roſelands, to engage your friendſhip for ſo excellent a young gentleman as Mr. Falkner. You know not," continued he, "how much my girls are obliged to him, not only for his poliſhed converſation in various languages, but for their improvements in the arts, in which he has great taſte."

O George, George, my ſoul is ſick—my folly has baniſhed peace from my boſom, and has ſubſtituted everlaſting regret in its place. Adieu.

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER XXIX.

Miſs Courtland *to Mrs.* Aylbert.

MY DEAR MADAM, Soho Square.

AS Emmeline is out of ſpirits, ſhe inſiſts on my taking up the pen; therefore, if you find my prattle tedious, you muſt pardon me on account of the intention.

Every day endears my brother more to us. The progreſs he has made through all

all the faſhionable ſcenes of life, ſeems to have left nothing behind it but diſguſt. My father frequently viſits him; and Mrs. Maitland and I had often expreſſed our ſurpriſe that we had never been included in the invitation.

I took an opportunity lately to aſk him, if it were want of gallantry, or extreme parſimony, which had occaſioned his never aſking us to viſit him?

He ſaid, it was the wiſh neareſt his heart; yet he was fearful of mentioning it, leſt, finding a repulſe, he ſhould not know how to put up with the mortification; "for our father, my dear Sophy, of late, ſeems to examine all my actions with ſuch ſcrupulous exactneſs, that I often feel myſelf under great reſtraint before him; and am frequently puzzled how to ſquare my conduct with exact propriety."

"If you have no other objection," returned I, "I will eaſily obviate this."

The next morning, when we were all aſſembled at breakfaſt, I accuſed him of want of politeneſs, ſaying, that, during the number of weeks we had been in town, he had never given us an invitation to ſee him, and that we all concluded he muſt have very particular reaſons for his conduct.

"My

"My principal reaſons are," rejoined he, "that I feared it was too great an indulgence for a man who felt he did not deſerve it."

"Modeſty is mighty becoming in a young man of faſhion," ſaid Mrs. Maitland.

"And," returned he, "nothing teaches him wiſdom like repentance: fear operates powerfully on the heart, when it is alive to a ſtrong ſenſe of its errors."

"To live under a conſtant ſuppreſſion of our deſires," ſaid my father, "is one of the firſt duties of a Chriſtian: every wiſe man lives to the dictates of his conſcience; every vain one to the impulſes of his paſſions. That you ſhould wiſh, Courtland, to ſtand well in the opinion of the preſent company, is a proof that you feel the full force of virtuous affections: the approbation of ſuch characters as the ladies preſent, proves that your conduct deſerves eſteem. You will find many difficulties to combat with in life; but manly virtue muſt not ſhrink at oppoſition. Popular actions will gain a man fame—but virtuous ones only will endear him to ſociety."

"All this is very true, my dear, good papa," ſaid I; "but I am too much intereſted

tereſted in my requeſt, not to wiſh for my brother's immediate reply. Will you, or will you not, Courtland, invite us to paſs a day in Great Ormond Street?"

"Will I, my dear ſiſter?" rejoined I. "Can I be ſo blind to my own happineſs, as not to deſire it moſt devoutly? But I can hardly ſo far impoſe upon myſelf, as to believe the tide of fortune will quit its uſual courſe to flow in my favour.—May I expect an anſwer favourable to my wiſhes?"—bowing.

"Why, you have brought yourſelf off ſo handſomely," rejoined Mrs. Maitland, "that I think you won't find a diſſenting voice in the whole aſſembly; but remember we'll have a gallant entertainment ſuitable to the diſpoſition of the donor. Shall we, girls, aſk for a concert or an aſſembly in the evening; for, if we be not crowded to death, the pleaſures of the day will end without a cataſtrophe."

"I hate both aſſemblies and concerts," rejoined I, "unleſs it be now and then an occaſional one in public; in private parties I prefer converſation."

"And what," cried my father, "ſays my Emmeline?" who ſat as demure as a quaker, unable to raiſe her eyes from the overpowering ones of my brother.

"I, I,

"I, I, I," ſtammered ſhe, "I proteſt Sir, I have no opinion to give; that of the preſent company will always be mine: but I confeſs ſmall parties have ever been moſt agreeable to me, where there can be an interchange of ſentiment, by which the mind is enlarged, and the underſtanding improved."

"I ſubſcribe to your ſentiments, my dear child," ſaid my father; "our votes, I hope, will carry the point."

"Well, brother," returned I, "if we give up both ball and concert, you muſt invite ſome of your fine fellows, or Emmeline and I ſhall fall aſleep, as we never play at cards."

At that inſtant he fixed his eyes on Emmeline, who bluſhed roſy red; "If, if, if, Miſs Ackworth," ſtammered he, "will have the goodneſs to point out any gentleman, who holds a preference in her eſteem, no means on *my* part ſhall be wanting" ["That's a fib," cried I to myſelf.] "to get him to join our party."

"Your gallantry, Courtland," interrupted my father, "is ſo deſerving of commendation, that I will venture to interpret, from Emmeline's looks, ſhe will be amply ſatisfied with ſuch entertainment as the lord of the feaſt will be enabled to procure for her."

"Speak

"Speak your wiſhes, my dear Miſs Ackworth," ſaid the impatient boy quite out of breath. "I have none, Sir, I can have none; for the indulgence of ſuch friends as I am bleſſed with anticipates them all."

The day was at length fixed for Wedneſday next. Should any thing material occur, you ſhall hear again from, dear Madam, your truly affectionate

SOPHIA COURTLAND.

LETTER XXX.

To the Same.

Soho Square.

AT length the day ſo much talked of by us all arrived; but alack and alas! it brought not that genial ſunſhine to my brother, his warm wiſhes had painted. A black cloud interpoſed between him and happineſs, and vented all its rage on Emmeline.

I ſuſpect, would ſhe be honeſt and tell me truth, her ſpirits were more than ordinarily agitated; I rallied her on the ſolicitude ſhe had expreſſed about her dreſs,

dreſs, this was too *ſhowy*, that was too *ſimple*; this was unbecoming, and this was——

"Pſha," ſaid I, "that pretty ſullen demureneſs of thine, Emmeline, has done my brother's heart more miſchief than ever it will be in the power of the moſt faſhionably-choſen ſuit you can put on."

"Who, I, I, I?" cried ſhe; "dear Sophy, how you alarm me!"

"What then, I ſuppoſe you never ſuſpected his extreme partiality for you before?"

"You delight in alarming me, Sophy; but if you are ſevere upon me to-day, I ſhan't be able to bear it; for I have felt myſelf very unwell all the morning, yet I would not mention it, leſt I ſhould give you pain." She then threw herſelf into an eaſy chair, and in a few minutes fainted away.

You may imagine how much we were alarmed. After ſome time ſhe recovered ſo tolerably, that my father joined his entreaties with mine, that ſhe ſhould accompany us in an undreſs, as only particular friends were expected at my brother's; and ſhould ſhe be again ill, as much care could be taken of her at his houſe as at home; but no arguments

could over-rule her fixed determination for ſtaying behind.

I pleaded my brother's diſappointment; "he will not think of me," ſaid ſhe, "when ſurrounded by his beſt friends."

"You have taken up lately, Emmeline," ſaid I, "a ſad habit of ſtory-telling, but I ſhall be miſtreſs by and by of all your ſecrets, though you don't think proper to make me your confidant."

"Dear, dear, Sophy" (bluſhing exceſſively), "I have no ſecrets, but lately you have penetrating looks."

I wiſhed to ſtay with her, but the very idea of it, ſhe ſaid, would make her ill again; for ſhe was better now, the pain in her head leſs violent, and ſhe hoped, by lying down a couple of hours, it would perfectly recover her.

Upon this aſſurance I left her; my brother, as I ſuſpected, on our arrival was moſt cruelly diſappointed.

"The dear child," ſaid my father, "has her diſappointment too; for ſhe promiſed herſelf much pleaſure in this viſit, Courtland."

"Indeed, is it poſſible?" ſaid he, joy brightening every feature.

His

His behaviour through the day was polite, eaſy, and gallant; but to all preſent it was viſible that his natural vivacity was corrected by inward anxiety.

In Mrs. Maitland's raillery he found a great enemy to combat with; one moment it probed his feelings to the quick, and the next gave the moſt animating encouragement to his hopes; this inſtant he affected to ſmile, and the next his face was crimſoned over with ſcarlet.

"It is very ſurpriſing, Mr. Courtland," ſaid Mrs. Maitland, "that ſo much a man of the world as you are, you ſhould ſo long have retained the faculty of bluſhing."

"A commerce with the world, Madam," added he, "may blunt our groſſer feelings; but the heart which is born with ſenſibility, will never loſe its power of feeling."

After dinner my father was called upon for his toaſt; he gave Emmeline.

My impetuous brother filled his glaſs till it ran over.

"You ſee, Mrs. Maitland," ſaid I, "we drink our friends in bumpers."

"True," replied ſhe; "but when we drink our favourites, as you may ſee by your brother, we make our glaſſes overflow."

" I ſhould be a very ſingular character, Madam," rejoined he, " not to diſcover excellencies in Miſs Ackworth which are obvious to all the world beſide."

" I ſhall take care, brother," ſaid I, " Emmeline ſhall be informed of the fine compliment you have made her; but ſhe is apt to reject all panegyric which does not proceed from the heart."

" Nay, Miſs Courtland," rejoined Mrs. Maitland archly, " you have no reaſon to think, that when your brother makes Miſs Ackworth's eulogium, his ſentiments do not ariſe from the heart."

" Thank you, Madam," ſaid he ſmiling, " for juſtifying a character, which, on ſome certain occaſions, feels a diffidence which rather ſeems to perplex than elucidate his cauſe."

When the card-tables were ſet, they were immediately filled up, to the excluſion of my brother.

He appeared to amuſe himſelf for ſome time, attending to the different players; but his thoughts were fixed on no object preſent.

Inattentively leaning over Mrs. Maitland's chair, ſhe whiſpered him, " that ſince he had declined playing, ſhe had a little commiſſion for him to execute, in which

which he could moſt eſſentially oblige her: ſhe had left her ſnuff-box on her toilet.

A glow of pleaſure brightened up every feature: he was going— "Nay, come back," ſaid ſhe, "a moment, I have another commiſſion you can execute at the ſame time; do not forget to enquire how Miſs Ackworth is."

"We ſeldom forget the buſineſs of others, Madam," rejoined he, "when our own intereſt is cloſely blended with it."

"Though you are a thoughtleſs young man," rejoined ſhe, "you ſeem to have a juſt idea of the world; but go, oblige me this once, and if ever you ſhould fall in love, depend upon it, I will do you every good office in my power with your miſtreſs."

He looked as if he wiſhed ſhe were ſincere. "What, not gone yet?" continued ſhe; "well, Mr. Courtland, this is the firſt time I ever regretted the loſs of my beauty, and feel the effects of grey hairs, which tell me I have loſt all my influence over a pretty fellow."

"To prove to you the contrary, Madam," returned he, "I will be gone this inſtant, and that, in ſpite of age and grey hairs, there is a charm in your eloquence,

which has quite ſubdued my heart;—ſo pray give my compliments to the reſt of your ſex, and tell them, that good ſenſe and good nature will always entitle them to the homage of the moſt gallant men, although they have paſt their grand climacteric;"—bowing gracefully, he left the room.

Lady Bolton, unconſcious of the motives which induced Mrs. Maitland to ſend for her ſnuff-box, made an offering of hers, which ſhe laughingly declined, ſaying, "we are ſo nearly approaching to the firſt of April, my lady, that I wiſhed to try a ſimple experiment on Mr. Courtland; he having met with one diſappointment to-day, Miſs Courtland and I wanted to ſee how he would brook a ſecond; I have my ſnuff-box in my pocket, but your ladyſhip muſt know, ſince Mr. Courtland came amongſt us, we are become a very enigmatical family; his own conduct he has propoſed for the riddle, which Miſs Ackworth, with all her penetration, has not been able to explain; ſometimes by a ſudden palpitation of the heart, ſhe thinks ſhe has it, and then ſhe gives up the idea as groundleſs."

"I think," ſaid Lady Bolton, "without knowing more of the ſubject, it muſt be

be love—but, Madam, we have loſt the rubber."

When my brother returned to us, his countenance glowed with ſatisfaction.

"I am certain," exclaimed Mrs. Maitland on ſeeing him, "my careleſs woman muſt have miſlaid my box, otherwiſe it could not have taken you up two hours to have gone from Great Ormond Street to Soho Square; but where is it now?" holding out her hand.

"Pardon me, Madam; for when I ſaw it was a gem above all price, its workmanſhip ſo curious, and its fabric ſo fragile, greatly as I eſteemed it, I would ſooner deprive myſelf of the ſatisfaction of preſenting it to you, than hazard it abroad in ſo dark a night."

"You are a faithful knight, however, though not a ſucceſsful one," added ſhe; "but I forgot to aſk you, if Miſs Ackworth was better."

"Then I have the ſatisfaction to tell you, Madam, the pain in her head is leſs violent."

"It abated then, I'll lay my life, Miſs Courtland," ſaid ſhe, "at ſight of your brother; for he carries a magic ſpell about him, which often acts upon her frame like an electrical ſhock."

He looked more confuſed than I ever ſaw him, and the ſatisfaction of his heart was expreſſed by the animation of his eyes.

When we got home, we found Emmeline retired for the night, dreading, no doubt, being queſtioned concerning the converſation ſhe had held with her unexpected gueſt. Adieu, my dear Madam,

S. COURTLAND.

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. Courtland *to* G. Montroſe, *Eſq.*

DON'T think I rave, dear George, when I tell you all the happineſs of my life has been crowded into one ſhort hour.

The family in Soho Square were to ſpend the day with me; but the pride of her ſex, the gentle Emmeline, was ſuddenly taken with ſo violent a head-ache, that robbed me of a pleaſure for which my boſom had long panted; its emotions began to be very riotous when my gueſts arrived,

arrived, and ſignified to me her indiſpoſition: whether I concealed my chagrin or not, I cannot tell; but I affected a gaiety which might have paſſed for real amongſt people of leſs diſcernment.

Mrs. Maitland, not having forgotten the days of her youth, kindly compaſſionated my ſituation, and with an admirable adroitneſs, when the company were ſeated at cards, diſpatched me on an errand to Soho Square for her ſnuff-box, and at the ſame time deſired me to make particular enquiries after the health of her gueſt.

I wiſh, George, I could paint to you the charming confuſion the ſweet girl (who was much better) betrayed on ſeeing me; never did ſhe appear ſo charming in my eyes, nor ever did my attentions appear to make ſo deep an impreſſion upon her. I was often fearful my joy would have rendered me indiſcreet, and forced my lips to unfold the ſecret which lies hid in my heart, before I was fully convinced her boſom contained one of a kindred nature.

The world was entirely ſhut out of my thoughts, till the watchman proclaimed the departure of time, and convinced me that the feelings of the heart muſt yield themſelves a ſacrifice to politeneſs. I

left Miſs Ackworth, but I carried with me a remembrance of her that roſe ſuperior in my mind to every other ſatisfaction. Adieu.

H. C.

LETTER XXXII.

Miſs Ackworth *to Mrs.* Aylbert.

IT ſeems we muſt ſtay another fortnight in town before the General can get ſome very intricate affairs accommodated.

I am not ſo happy as I was, though all my good friends improve in kindneſs to me, if poſſible; my mind is always diſſatisfied with itſelf. I was not formed for the buſtle of life; the peaceful ſhades of Roſelands, I make no doubt, will reſtore to me that tranquillity which I know not how I loſt here.

I muſt relate to you a little adventure, as it will ſhow you into what difficulties imprudent attachments will hurry a man. Mr. Courtland is a general admirer of the ſex, and he candidly told me on our firſt interview at Lady Bolton's, that it

was

was not in his nature to continue faithful for more than a month to the faireſt face in the world.

One fine morning the General having ſome very particular buſineſs to tranſact, ſaid, he would give up his ſeat in Mrs. Maitland's coach to his ſon; our intended excurſion was to Richmond. About half an hour before we were to ſet out, Mrs. Maitland received a very preſſing note from a friend, requeſting to ſee her that moment. As I was not prepared for the journey, the General told Mrs. Maitland, to ſave time, ſhe had better take Sophy in her carriage; that we could meet at his ſon's; for he was to paſs through Great Ormond Street, where he would ſet me down.

Mr. Courtland, whom we found lounging over his breakfaſt, was not a little ſurpriſed at our appearance; but it ſeemed to be that of extreme ſatisfaction, which increaſed on the General's telling him of the excurſion we were to make, and the ſeat reſerved for him in the coach.

"However," continued he, "as Mrs. Maitland and your ſiſter are not yet arrived, and my buſineſs requiring haſte, I muſt deliver my Emmeline up to your

protection, Courtland, and let your conduct ever evince for her the pure affection of a brother."

"And when I prove unworthy such a precious trust," cried he, pressing my hand, which his father presented him, "may the heaviest of all misfortunes fall on me—your displeasure."

"I never trust a promiser, Emmeline," rejoined the General, "nor judge of the faith of a fine gentleman from the number of his protestations."

So saying he withdrew; I felt an awkwardness in my situation, which Mr. Courtland discovered by my emotion; for he still held my hand which his father had presented him.

"You cannot imagine, my dear Miss Ackworth," said he, "I will relinquish this pledge of affection so lately bestowed on me by my father. From the tender apprehensions with which I see you struggle, I fear the gift he has conferred on *me*, meets not with *your* hearty concurrence; you think, perhaps, I know not how to set a just value on the prize: do you believe the bosom of the son is less touched by your perfections than that of the father? Will you deny me the affection of a sister, as long as I do nothing

thing unworthy the character of your brother?"

"I own myſelf much indebted, Sir, to your complaiſance," replied I, recovering myſelf a little, "for which I ſhould think myſelf greatly obliged; but that I fear it is ſometimes offered in violation to ſincerity. But the graces of flattery, Mr. Courtland, I have ever found ſo habitually yours, that you have it ready to ſuit all occaſions; it is a light merchandize which is ever acceptable to light minds."

"My dear Miſs Ackworth," interrupted he, "if I have ever given *you* reaſon to doubt *my* ſincerity, it ſhall be the buſineſs of my future life to cultivate your eſteem, and the pleaſure of it to retain it. I am well aware your taſte is too refined to admit the indiſcriminate flattery of men; but tell me, I conjure you (this is the only moment for a long time I may have you thus unſurrounded by witneſſes), if there be a man on earth who has yet been able to find a preference in your heart?" He roſe abruptly, walked the room in great emotion, then returned to his ſeat, repeating his queſtion.

I ſaid nothing. "Why are you ſilent," continued he, "my ſweet friend, on a ſubject

ſubject which to me is intereſting above all others? But I fear I have been guilty of a great impropriety in aſking ſuch a queſtion: pardon me, I will not repeat it; I have heard Mr. Falkner has merit, and *you* have a diſtinguiſhing taſte."

He pauſed and ſtarted, on hearing a female voice on the ſtair-caſe exclaiming to one of the ſervants, "I know he is at home, and if you had not acquired the inſolent ſaucineſs of your maſter, you durſt not refuſe my admittance to him."

"What a curſed interruption!" ſaid Mr. Courtland, addreſſing in a low voice ſome ſhort ſentences to his Satanic majeſty.

At that inſtant the enraged lady, who was no other than Miſs Fenton, burſt into the room, uttering the ſevereſt reproaches againſt him for neither anſwering her letters, or viſiting her.

She was much ſhocked on ſeeing me, fell into a mighty pretty fantaſtical tremor, feared ſhe ſhould faint, for her chairman had had a quarrel with ſome others, by which ſhe had been nearly overturned; and, as it was oppoſite the door, to preſerve herſelf from fainting, her ſervant with difficulty got her into the houſe to procure for her a little hartſhorn and water.

Mr.

Mr. Courtland, extremely hurt, rang the bell, and ordered the medicine which ſhe had preſcribed for herſelf. She drank it, and ſaid ſhe was better; Mr. Courtland then very unhoſpitably aſked if he ſhould enquire if her chair was ready.

She burſt into tears—

"I am afraid, Madam," ſaid I, approaching her, "you are more terrified by your accident than you are willing to allow. Mr. Courtland, indeed the lady is very ill."

He ſtood by the window, and, inſtead of making me any reply, ſaid, "the ſtreet is very quiet now Madam, the chairmen are waiting—will you allow me the honour of your hand to lead you down?" She roſe, gave it him, but when they got on the other ſide of the door, I heard her exclaim—"Inſolent wretch, no; reſerve your hand for the next fool who is weak enough to be caught by your profeſſions."

I inſtantly found the voices change to an apartment behind that in which I was ſitting, the doors of which opened upon the ſtair-caſe.

"I have not merited this outrage, Madam," ſaid he ſternly, "nor will I

forgive it, but on condition you ſuffer me to lead you inſtantly to your chair; if I appear uncivil, it is becauſe you have thrown my ſoul into a tumult."

"Robbed you, I ſuppoſe, of the fond moments which had been otherwiſe dedicated to that baby-fac'd girl I ſurpriſed you with."

"True," rejoined he, "moments of all others moſt precious to my ſoul!"

"Poor thing!" rejoined ſhe; "but I dare ſwear ſhe little expects there is no more dependance to be put on your conſtancy, than there is truth in your flattery."

"Remember, Miſs Fenton, I am bound to you by no promiſe whatſoever, and therefore think myſelf not entitled to your reproaches: we have been both indiſcreet—but—

Here he ſpoke in ſo low a voice, I loſt what followed; I fell into a reverie, which was ſoon interrupted by the appearance of a young man of faſhion, who gaily entered the room, but on ſeeing me, appeared more collected.

"I have reaſon, Madam, to bleſs my ſucceſs of the morning," ſaid he, "which, at a moment leaſt expected, introduced me to the lovelieſt of her ſex."

"As

"As I am ſenſible, Sir, I do not deſerve your panegyric, you cannot expect my thanks in return."

"What a lucky dog is Courtland to be thus honoured!" cried he; "he is the happieſt fellow in the ſelection of his female friends—Have you been long in town, Madam?"

"Some weeks, Sir."

"I thought not longer, upon my ſoul, Madam, or ſuch bluſhing timidity had been exchanged for that intrepid air, that confident boldneſs, which diſtinguiſh our town-bred ladies from—"

"Hey! what the d—l!" ſtarting on hearing the voices in the next room. "Harriot Fenton and Courtland—as I live; well, the women were always more indulgent to him than to any other fellow about town; but this is a curſed inſtance of his bad taſte, to quit the ſunſhine of your beauties, Madam, for Harriot's factitious charms—hark, how ſhe raves!" hearing her exclamation: "O Lord, Ma'am, a man cannot be ſo completely curſed as with the love of an enraged coquet, after ſhe has loſt his eſteem."

I told him of the accident which brought Miſs Fenton hither.

"The

"The woman's all a falſehood, take my word for it, Madam, not a ſyllable of truth in her tale. But the whole town knows ſhe has loſt her influence over Courtland, and that ſome new face holds him captive to her charms; but ſince I have had the honour of gazing on you, Madam, I am no longer a ſtranger to the object.—Come, indulge me with one ſweet ſmile in his abſence, to puniſh him for his infidelity."

It was now pretty plain what his ſuſpicions of me were, and which the peculiarity of my ſituation apparently juſtified.

"As I am at a loſs to underſtand your converſation, Sir," ſaid I, "I hope you will not think me rude if I decline to anſwer it."

"Why, Madam, of all women I ever ſaw, you can beſt afford to be ſilent, whoſe eyes ſpeak all languages—O turn their gentle beams on me!"

"Good Heavens, Sir!" riſing with indignation; "how dare you addreſs me in a language which my conduct to you has never warranted."

I rung the bell with violence; he ſeized my hand, and dropped on one knee;—at that moment Mr. Courtland returned;

returned; he ſaw the agitation of my ſpirits.

"Why do you tremble thus, my dear Miſs Ackworth?" cried he: "by Heavens, my lord, there dwells ſuch purity about her, I expect you will this inſtant make her the moſt humiliating conceſſion. If—"

He aroſe, ſaid ſomething in German to Mr. Courtland, who anſwered, in Engliſh, "If ſweetneſs of manners, gentleneſs of diſpoſition, and purity of heart, can entitle a woman to the reverence of mankind; I am ſure, Lord William Frankly, you will not refuſe to pay your homage here," (taking my hand) "and in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner beg pardon for any imprudence you may have been guilty of."

He replied, "Yes, Madam, I do beg pardon with all my ſoul; I have been through ignorance led into an error; for, when I ſaw the face of Venus, I never dreamed her head contained the wiſdom of Minerva, or that the chaſtity of Diana was inſhrined in her heart; and therefore, to avoid falling a victim to their united powers, the ſooner I make my way down ſtairs the better."—He diſappeared in an inſtant.

I thought

I thought it moſt prudent to paſs over his lordſhip's behaviour as lightly as poſſible, and concluded with a ſmile, ſaying, "that appearances were againſt me."

"Appearances againſt *you*, Miſs Ackworth! what then are you to think of *me?* I am the moſt miſerable of men, if you will not condeſcend to hear my juſtification. Do not deſpiſe me; for indeed, indeed, I want all your pity."

At this inſtant the thunder of the knocker announced the arrival of the coach: as he led me to it, he ſaid, "it would be the utmoſt humanity in me to be ſilent on what was paſt, as he had not ſpirits to encounter Mrs. Maitland's and his ſiſter's raillery, not that he wiſhed to be better thought of than he deſerved."

I ſaid it was my earneſt requeſt it ſhould be entirely forgotten.

He took his ſeat next me, but appeared under ſuch a dejection of ſpirits, that his ſiſter ſaid, "if he were not ill, he looked more dolorous than a knight-errant who had loſt his miſtreſs."

"I were a hypocrite to plead ill health," ſaid he; "but I fear I have loſt this day, Sophy, what I ſhall never be able

able to recover—the eſteem of one of the worthieſt of your ſex."

"What, have you had other company than Emmeline?"

"I have had, Sophy, I have had all the fiends of miſchief aſſembled together to afflict and torment me."

After this he ſcarcely uttered a diſtinct ſentence during our ride. On our return Mrs. Maitland engaged him to dinner; he readily accepted her invitation, but afterwards whiſpered me, if I would indulge him with half an hour's converſation, it would relieve his mind from a heavy load of anxiety.

I laughed it off, and reminded him of the conditions I had made never to mention the ſubject more, when, turning to Mrs. Maitland, he begged ſhe would excuſe his attendance at dinner, as he had a previous engagement. Then bowing low, with a dejected air, he retired. Adieu my dear Madam.

E. Ackworth.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Same. (In continuation.)

THOUGH Mr. Courtland had refuſed dining with us, yet, to our ſurpriſe, he made his appearance at tea, and, though very elegantly dreſſed, it had not removed the traces of chagrin from his countenance; he appeared diſpirited and thoughtful; I laid down my book on his entrance; I was reading a new poem to Mrs. Maitland.

After the firſt civilities had paſſed, I preſented him the book, and begged he would releaſe me of a trouble for which I was ill diſpoſed, and finiſh the poem.

"My mind was never leſs diſpoſed, my dear Miſs Ackworth, to taſte the beauties of poetical compoſition, yet if *my* reading will really releaſe *you* of a trouble, I will moſt cheerfully comply."

He took the book, whilſt I applied myſelf to my needle, till the entrance of the tea and Miſs Courtland together.

"I thought, Monſieur, your perturbed ſpirit," ſaid ſhe, "would ſoon ſubſide when you found yourſelf alone, and that we

we ſhould ſee you again before the return of another day."

"My own home, ſiſter," cried he, "has few charms for me, unleſs I had an amiable wife to preſide at my fire-ſide."

"In your circumſtances, brother, I ſhould think it a bleſſing to be obtained without any great difficulty."

"Without you were in my ſituation, ſiſter, you can have no idea of the difficulties I labour under."

"Why, that's very extraordinary," ſaid Mrs. Maitland.

"It is true, Madam, nevertheleſs," rejoined he; "but to be ſlighted and deſpiſed where your fondeſt hopes are treaſured"—he paus'd—

"Bravo! you are in love then," interrupted ſhe: "come Emmeline, help me to wreſt this ſecret from our brother."

"Pardon me;" rejoined I, "I will aſſiſt you in no acts of violence; if we make ourſelves worthy of your brother's confidence, in time perhaps he may make us a voluntary confeſſion."

"Now, now," cried he eagerly, "would I embrace the moment, my dear Miſs Ackworth, were I well aſſured the lovely miſtreſs of my heart returned my paſſion."

Whilſt

Whilſt the tea was handing about, the converſation turned on general ſubjects. When it was over Miſs Courtland ſaid ſhe had letters to finiſh, Mrs. Maitland again preſented the book to Mr. Courtland, and I took up my netting; the General had dined abroad.

Mr. Courtland is a perfect maſter of elocution; he varies his tones ſo judiciouſly with his ſubject, that he rings all the changes of love, joy, revenge, hope, and deſpair, upon the feelings.

His preſent ſubject was hopeleſs love; it was touched with a maſterly hand, and awakened my ſenſibility.—My tears flowed; I continued for ſome time with my eyes fixed on the floor, till my attention was rouſed by Mr. Courtland's taking my hand, ſaying, "If you can feel thus tenderly, my dear Miſs Ackworth, for fancied ills, how exquiſite muſt be your ſenſations for real anguiſh! let me ſeize then a moment ſo propitious to my wiſhes, to tell you what I have endured ſince the morning."—

I looked up, and to my ſurpriſe ſaw Mrs. Maitland had left the room, then down on my netting, but Mr. Courtland, laying his hands upon it, ſaid, he muſt beg leave to throw it aſide; for, in his preſent

preſent ſtate of mind, he was jealous of every object which engroſſed the leaſt of my attention.

I ſmiled at his impatience.

"I would have you always ſmiling," ſaid he; "but yet, whilſt you know I am labouring under your ſevereſt cenſures, I would have you feel *ſome* concern for my misfortune."

"I beg Sir," ſaid I, "to undeceive you, and hope you will no longer cheriſh ſuch a ſuppoſition; and, but that I am ſorry it ſhould have given you a moment's anxiety, my ſpirits at this time would be all gaiety."

"That very gaiety," rejoined he, "but adds, to *my* regret; your anger would be a thouſand times more intereſting, for then I ſhould think you felt ſome regard for me; but your indifference is worſe than death."

"Then, Sir, I will be very grave, and very ſad, and very ſplenetic, to ſhew you how much I am diſpoſed to oblige you when I can."

"This charming playfulneſs," rejoined he, "proves the ſweetneſs of your diſpoſition.—But,"—he paus'd—

"Well then, my good Sir, if I am to be neither grave nor gay, ſour nor ſad, you muſt be ſo good as to point out

to me the exact line of conduct you would wish me to pursue."

"Far be it," said he, "for me to prescribe rules to an object on which Nature has stamp'd perfection: but critics will cavil where they cannot mend."

"You are very complaisant, Sir."

"I am very unhappy, Madam, till you believe my bosom does not entertain one kind sentiment in favour of Miss Fenton;—she is my plague, my torment."

"Come, come, Sir, suffer me to be an advocate for that unhappy lady; if she has only erred from too much sensibility, it depends on you to soothe her distress, and reconcile her to herself."

"What!" rejoined he with warmth, "submit myself to the tyranny of such a vixen; my dear friend, you must not judge of a coquet's heart by the amiable simplicity of your own. There is not a coquette in town, whose bosom is not a world within itself, in which all the malignant passions are confined; they never taste the softer emotions of the soul, which only chaste and delicate minds can feel."

"I own, Miss Ackworth, I have been guilty of indiscretions which justly entitle me to the censure of virtuous characters; but I trust there is no enormity of my life

life ſufficiently heinous to chain me for the reſt of my days to a woman, be ſhe handſome as an angel, who has a whole regiment of fits, vapours, and hyſterics, always at command."

I could not help ſmiling; our converſation continued for ſome time much after the ſame manner; and before he left us for the night, he appeared in much better ſpirits than I have ſeen him for ſome time.

I forgot to tell you, Lady Auguſta Finleigh and our family have frequently dropped cards at each other's door, but have not met: I believe Mr. Courtland has ceaſed viſiting there; for I find ſhe has been extremely jealous of his aſſiduities towards her friend and confidant Miſs Fenton.

Adieu, my dear Madam,

E. ACKWORTH.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Same.

IN a few days, my dear Madam, we ſhall quit this turbulent town, for the tranquil joys of Roſelands, where the mind, unoppoſed by faſhion and folly, will have leiſure to exert its nobleſt faculties, either in contemplating the works of its Creator, or aſſiſting his creatures.

This morning at breakfaſt, Mr. Courtland being of the party, Mrs. Maitland taking up the newſpaper, read the following paragraph:

"Yeſterday morning was married at St. James's church, Sir Richard Carlton, Bart. to Miſs Harriot Fenton, a young lady, as richly endowed with all the graces of mind as beauties of perſon, requiſites which cannot fail to make the marriage ſtate completely happy."

Mrs. Maitland roſe to offer Mr. Courtland her ſalts, Sophy affected to ſearch for drops, the General laughed heartily, whilſt *I* could not help feeling for his ſon's mortification.

"I want no volatile eſſence," cried he, puſhing aſide their noſtrums, "to ſupport

ſupport my ſpirits; rather ſomething, if you will, my good friends, to keep 'em in proper ſubjection, to teach 'em to bear good fortune with moderation. I do confeſs," added he, "my acquaintance with Miſs Fenton has been a very imprudent one; but I truſt that having endured the bondage of a coquet, you will all unite to congratulate me, that I am at length eſcaped, without my liberty having been infringed by the ſhackles of matrimony."

He ſaluted firſt Mrs. Maitland, afterwards his ſiſter, and then approaching me, ſaid, "I hope my youngeſt ſiſter will not withhold her congratulations on an event which removes from me an obſtacle which has tinged the ſweeteſt moments of my life with the extremeſt mortification (I was not at a loſs to gueſs at the ſubject to which he alluded); "but how, when, or where, you, my dear Miſs Ackworth, beſt know," continued he.

They all took the alarm, ſaying, they ſhould be jealous if they were not admitted of his cabinet council. He promiſed them they ſhould, when he could as firmly rely on their ſecrecy as he could on mine. After complimenting me on my taciturnity, he related the whole ad-

venture which paſſed at his houſe the morning I was left there.

" This proves to me, brother," ſaid Sophy, " what I have long expected, that you are a wonderful favourite of Emmeline's; for if the ſtory would have told to your honour, ſhe would not have withheld it from me: do you know that in proportion as you are affectionate and kind to her, ſhe is ſhy and reſerved to me."

I felt my face glow, I could not look up, for every eye preſent was fixed upon me.

" Indeed, indeed, Sophy, you do me great injuſtice." I could ſay no more, my voice faultered.

" My beſt Emmeline," ſaid the General, " when you want any body to ſupport your cauſe againſt this ſaucy ſiſter of yours, I will be your champion." " And," added Mr. Courtland, " my dear ſiſter, ſhould you find ſuch a force inadequate, I will muſter all my courage; for having more than once eſcaped the fury of a coquette's eyes, and the rage of her tongue, I ſhall not ſhrink at common dangers."

They all laughed heartily;—but here the poſt-man's bell bids me conclude.

Your's, &c.

E. Ackworth.

LETTER XXXV.

Lady Auguſta Finleigh *to Lady* Carlton.

St. James's Square.

AS we have been equally dupes to the faſcinating powers of that arch-fiend Courtland, I will not withhold my ſincereſt congratulations on your marriage with Sir Richard Carlton, though his ſixty-three with your five-and-twenty but ill accord; yet, as love could not be the object of your marriage with him, your happineſs will find no diminution. A wife, in the regions of faſhion, has a thouſand advantages over the ſingle women; for they muſt make a parade of modeſty to keep up a little character, whilſt the married ladies look upon their wedding-ring as the licence to indulge every propenſity of their hearts, having a huſband to ſhelter their imprudences behind.

Though I have much to ſay, it muſt be reſerved for the ſubject of another letter. Adieu.

A. FINLEIGH.

LETTER XXXVI.

From Lady Carlton, *in anſwer.*

A THOUSAND thanks for your congratulations, my dear Lady Auguſta. I embrace with pleaſure your offered friendſhip.

What though we have been diſappointed in the object on which we have too fondly doated—ſhall we for that give up the dear delight of being followed, flattered, and admired?—Are we not young, handſome?—and is there an infidel amongſt the ſex (that Courtland excepted) who will refuſe to do homage to our charms?—Believe me, there is no ſpell in marriage which ever charmed to reſt the love of admiration in the boſom of a coquet.

Men of the world, like Courtland, are not to be enſnared for life by the counterfeited tenderneſs of thoſe women to whom they pour forth their flattery; elſe I had ſecured him, as I left no plan unexecuted that love, tenderneſs, rage, or deſpair, could ſuggeſt.

Pſhaw! this old huſband of mine deſires my company. Ten to one but I ſhall

ſhall find him intoxicated with wine—ſuffocated with tobacco—and yelling with the gout.—"But your excuſe, Sir Richard, for a time: Sir Charles Willoughby is announced." If any man can ſupply Courtland's place in my heart, it is him. Adieu. Yours, &c. &c.

H. CARLTON.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Lady Carlton, *from Lady* Auguſta Finleigh.

St. James's Square.

IS it poſſible, Harriot, human nature ſhould act ſo unlike itſelf!——That this gay, this gallant rover—this Courtland—in the very zenith of his glory, ſhould quit the haunts of beauty, to ſigh forth the paſſion of love at the feet of a rural nymph—this Emmeline—for whom we have been both ſlighted and ſcorned!——I ſhall ſoon go to Darnly; and when he is a little ſatiated with his rural goddeſs, I will daſh like electrical fire upon his ſenſes, and rekindle in him

thoſe loved ideas he once avowed for your Auguſta.

I met him yeſterday morning in Hyde Park. He was on horſeback; and I think more irreſiſtibly handſome than I ever beheld him. The preſent regularity of his life (for he ſeldom quits papa and the miſſes) has given ſuch animation to a complexion by nature lovely, that all my former ſenſations were conjured up in my heart; though, in his abſence, the reſentment I felt at his conduct would fain have perſuaded me I entertained no other ſentiments for him than thoſe of indifference.

On ſeeing me alight at the palace-gate, he diſmounted, and politely aſked me if I would honour him with my company a turn in the gardens?

I accepted his offer, ſaying, I was ſurpriſed to ſee him abroad without his leading-ſtrings.

"Why, truly," returned he pleaſantly, "I find myſelf ſo uneaſy without them, I was about to return in purſuit of them. There is more pleaſure, your ladyſhip muſt allow, in being led than driven."

"I beg then, Sir, I may not detain you; for moments become hours, when abſent from thoſe we love."

"I am entirely of your ladyſhip's way of thinking," returned he.

"Pray, Mr. Courtland, are your nuptials to be celebrated in town, or at Roſelands?"——He coloured like ſcarlet.

"I ſhall ever be indifferent to the place, Madam, provided I enter the pale with the object of my wiſhes."

"Miſs Ackworth, I hope is well, Sir." (Again he bluſhed.) "Bluſhing, Mr. Courtland, is a ſilent proof of ſtrong ſenſibility."

"Permit me to anſwer your ladyſhip's queſtion reſpecting Miſs Ackworth—She is very well."

"Nay, by her altered looks, I thought ſhe was far gone in a conſumption."

"Good Heavens! Madam, how you alarm me! Though I examine her countenance a thouſand times a-day, yet ſuch a ſuggeſtion never entered my head.——Yes, yes; now, upon recollection, I do think ſhe looks a little pale; and after dinner, for ſeveral days, what I fooliſhly miſtook for the glow of health, muſt have been a hectic heat! ——But—but—but——"

"I do not think Miſs Ackworth's diſeaſe, Sir, will ever be a conſumption of the lungs."

" Dear Lady Auguſta, you alarm me! —Is there any other conſumption equally dangerous?——Always in health, I know nothing of the diſeaſes to which the human frame is liable.—Pray, what kind of conſumption do you ſuppoſe hers likely to be?"

" A conſumption of the *heart*, Mr. Courtland; which deſtroys moſt young women, when ſuch flattering coxcombs as you come in their way."

" I rejoice to find your ladyſhip trifling with me; but I aſſure you, I have no reaſon to think any part of Miſs Ackworth's heart is in my poſſeſſion."

" You can't conceive, Sir, how much ſhe is improved ſince her coming to town: the country hoyden is quite ſubdued in the woman of faſhion. You muſt have taken a great deal of pains with her."

" True, Madam; I—I—I have taken *ſome* pains to—to—to——" Again he coloured.

" Yes, Sir, I believe you have taken a great deal of pains to—to—to—. And I doubt not but you have happily ſucceeded, as ſhe was always remarkably quick of apprehenſion; for when I met you together lately in the Park, I found ſhe

ſhe was ſo attentive to *your* inſtructions, that *ſhe* ſcarcely ventured to ſteal a glance of a pretty fellow, without aſking *your* permiſſion."

"Take care, Lady Auguſta: my nature is very ſuſceptible of vanity, and takes fire at the leaſt incenſe offered to it. Were I convinced that I poſſeſſed Miſs Ackworth's eſteem, it ſhould be my ſole pleaſure to ſtudy how to deſerve it."

"So capacious a heart as Mr. Courtland's will not be content with the cold returns of eſteem, in exchange for his ardent paſſion."

"Madam!"

"Why do you affect ſurpriſe, Mr. Courtland, at intelligence of which the whole town is in poſſeſſion?"

"You talk in riddles, Lady Auguſta; yet I will freely confeſs I have diſcovered in Miſs Ackworth a ſoftneſs of manners—a gentleneſs of diſpoſition—and a livelineſs of imagination, which few of her ſex can boaſt."

"And in ſhort, Sir," (mimicking him) "ſhe has diſcovered in Mr. Courtland more graces of perſon—more gallantry of manners—and more tender aſſiduities than ſhe ever found in his whole ſex beſides."

"How-

"However welcome, Madam, ſuch intelligence may be to my feelings," returned he, "yet I dare not indulge it, knowing it has no foundation in truth."

"Well, well, poor man, it is not my purpoſe now to bring you to confeſſion. I ſee clearly how it is with you; but I really thought nothing could have weakened Miſs Ackworth's affection for poor Falkner: but you are a man of fortune; and it is believed he is in very indigent circumſtances."

The ſpirit of anxious enquiry now took poſſeſſion of every feature. But gueſſing I had thrown out ſufficient matter for his morning's meditation, I took a haſty leave, not to interrupt him. Adieu.

A. FINLEIGH.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Miſs Ackworth *to Mrs.* Aylbert.

Roſelands.

REJOICE with me, dear Madam, that I once more date from my beloved Roſelands; and I hope I am returned not wholly vitiated by the rage of

of faſhion, or the diſſipation of public places. You can't imagine how ſuperior is the pleaſure I here feel, ſtudying the various beauties of my flower-garden, to the painted viſages of beaux and belles which crowd an aſſembly.

When the General informed his ſon of his quitting London in a few days, Mr. Courtland felt extremely hurt that he had received no invitation to viſit him at Roſelands. The General, obſerving his chagrin, aſked him, where he intended ſpending the ſummer?

"It is immaterial to me, Sir," ſaid he, "how I diſpoſe of my time, ſince I find I am not an expected gueſt at Roſelands. You have taught me to know the ſweets of domeſtic peace, and now preclude me from the enjoyment of it! I have no home but what would now become a place of torment to me!"

He walked to the window in great perturbation of mind. The tears ruſhed into Sophy's eyes; and I felt a ſolitary one guſh from mine.

The General followed him, took his hand, and ſaid, "Doubt not, my dear ſon, but your viſit to Roſelands will complete its pleaſures to me. I feared to aſk you, leſt you ſhould grant to politeneſs what would do violence to your

your inclinations. I can anſwer for your ſiſters doing every thing which depends on them to make your ſituation as agreeable as a country life will permit to a man whoſe hours have been chiefly devoted to the pleaſures of the town."

Sophy roſe; and, throwing her arms round him, ſaid, "Nothing, my dear Harry, I aſſure you, ſhall be wanting on our part to make your days paſs agreeably; but I truſt it will be your higheſt pleaſure to give delight to the boſom of our dear and honoured parent, whoſe life has been chequered with many ſorrows."

He tenderly embraced her, ſaying, "By copying your excellent example, my dear Sophy, I truſt I ſhall never again greatly ſwerve from the line of duty."—Then turning to me, he added, "I hope my ſaucy ſiſter Emmeline can have no objections to my becoming her viſitant at Roſelands."

"Indeed, Sir," ſaid I, "if you would abide by my judgment, you had better ſtay where you are, in your own element. The ſea was made for fiſhes—the air for birds—the land for beaſts—and the fine world for———"

"What?" cried he eagerly.

"Fine gentlemen," ſaid I.

I have

I have not leiſure to give you a particular account of our journey. Mr. Courtland was all gaiety and good humour: in my eyes, never did he appear to ſo much advantage; but, ſomehow or other, he has loſt his ſunſhine already.

The General had written to the amiable Falkner to be at Roſelands to receive us. I felt ſuch a lively joy on ſeeing him, that, eager to aſk him how he did, I ſprung out of the coach, miſſed the ſtep, and ſhould have fallen flat on my face, had he not caught me in his arms.

"You ſee, Mr. Falkner," ſaid the General, "my Emmeline has brought back all her fine ſpirits; and I am glad to find the pleaſures of the town have not weakened her attachments to her old friends. I hope, my dear Courtland," joining his hand with Mr. Falkner's, "that when you know the intrinſic value of this young gentleman's heart, you will look upon his friendſhip as one of the moſt valuable acquiſitions of your life."

I was pained to ſee the cold return Mr. Courtland made his father and Falkner for the offered friendſhip; and to hide my concern, I flew into the garden, where the enchanting ſoftneſs of the

the ſcene around me ſoon obliterated every unquiet thought:—I ſeemed all ſpirit, and trod on air, for I was in every place at once. I called all my favourite flowers by their names; talked with them, as with real friends, and expreſſed my joy to ſee them in ſuch good health. I then ſat down, quite out of breath; kiſs'd my hand to one, bow'd to another, gave a nod of approbation to a third, ſcattered ſome bread amongſt my gold and ſilver fiſhes, and corn amongſt my birds.

Mr. Courtland ſurpriſed me in the midſt of my enthuſiaſm. He looked grave: I told him I was ſorry his was the firſt diſſatisfied countenance I ever ſaw at Roſelands; but if he would promiſe me to look cheerful, I would give him a noſegay of my very beſt flowers. I preſented him one, which he received graciouſly, affecting to ſmile; firſt kiſs'd the flowers, then the hand which preſented them; then put the noſegay in his boſom: but alas! Madam, as his pleaſure was counterfeit, ſo it was ſhort-lived; he ſigh'd heavily—at the recollection, no doubt, of the pleaſures he had left behind him.

Mr. Falkner and Sophy now joining us, I told the former how many preſents I had

I had brought him from London—maps, prints, paints, &c.: that I feared I had forgotten the uſe of the pencil; and that he would have all the trouble to teach me over again.

He very politely ſaid, that when the pupils united taſte and talents, the preceptor forgot the trouble of inſtruction in the pleaſure he received in obſerving the progreſs they made towards perfection.

Here Mr. Courtland threw away my noſegay with the moſt negligent indifference. I felt hurt; for I thought him one of the beſt bred men in the world.

Mr. Falkner and Sophy continuing their walk, Mr. Courtland, with the voice of diſſatisfaction, aſked me, if Mr. Falkner was *always* to be here?

I ſaid, his invitation was a general one, and that the day when buſineſs obliged him to abſent himſelf was deemed tedious by the General, as well as his girls; for he had improved us in our muſic, taught us the Italian language, and greatly cultivated our taſte in drawing. I further added, that his diſpoſition was generous, gentle, and humane; and that he was the idol of all the neighbouring villages.

I might

I might as well have talked to the trees; for on looking up, I ſaw he paid not the leaſt attention to my prattle, but frequently ſighed to the very bottom of his heart!

I ventured to tell him, I feared he found the ſcene already melancholy, which was neither embelliſhed with the beauty of Lady Auguſta Finleigh, nor enlivened by the gaiety and wit of Lady Carlton.

Women, he ſaid, who were once his pleaſure, were now become his torment.

I am interrupted.——Adieu, my dear Madam.

E. ACKWORTH.

LETTER XXXIX.

To the Same.

Roſelands.

HOW ſweet, dear Madam, is the approbation of the worthy to a grateful mind!—Let me entreat you to diſpenſe your indulgence with a leſs liberal hand,

hand, or guard my heart from the evil ſuggeſtions of vanity.

You muſt come to Roſelands. You muſt ſee our beloved General—every hour, in ſilent ejaculation, offering up prayers and thankſgivings to that Power which has timely preſerved his ſon from deſtruction! And you muſt ſee that ſon attempting to fulfil every wiſh of the father.

Mr. Falkner almoſt lives with us; we laugh—we play—we dance—we ſing. Mr. Falkner is a fine performer on the flute and violin; he alſo compoſes elegantly. But Mr. Courtland, though he plays on no inſtrument, affects to be ſo much of a connoiſſeur as totally to diſapprove Mr. Falkner's compoſitions, as well as his execution; and if I happen to ſing or play any little piece of Mr. Falkner's, he is ſure to diſapprove both, and often leaves me in the midſt of my performance.

Is it not a pity ſo poliſhed a mind as Mr. Courtland's ſhould be tinctured with envy? But I hope, when he knows more of the worth of Mr. Falkner's heart, it will reconcile him to his accompliſhments.

Sophy and I have mentioned to the General, with great concern, our apprehenſions,

henſions, that his ſon will never cultivate Mr. Falkner's friendſhip in the manner we all wiſh; "and I aſſure you, my dear Sir," added I, "that I have left no means unattempted, to reconcile Mr. Courtland to the virtues of our amiable friend."

The General ſmiling, ſaid, tapping my cheek, "I doubt not, my ſweet love, but time may yet cement a moſt perfect friendſhip between Mr. Falkner and my ſon. I ſee further into cauſes than ſuch a thoughtleſs child as you are capable of doing: but let me entreat you, not to let my ſon's reſerved conduct towards Mr. Falkner make you ſlacken your endeavours to amuſe him; all will be right at laſt. Conſider, my dear girls, your brother's mind is yet unbroken by ſerious reflection; his habits are all formed after the manners of the world; they are become now a part of himſelf. The great difficulty of life is to conquer our prejudices: that once atchieved, the mind embraces its freedom, and cheerfully ſubmits to the admonitions of reaſon;—ſo it will happen to your brother, if you proceed with him cautiouſly; and take care that your operations may be ſlow, that they may be effectual."

I muſt

I muſt give you an inſtance, dear Madam, of the ſingularity of Mr. Courtland's diſpoſition. I had written a note the other evening to Mr. Falkner, only to beg him to ſend by the bearer ſome muſic he had promiſed me; when Mr. Courtland, coming into the room, aſked me to whom I had been writing. I ſhewed him the addreſs; he looked ſo diſturbed at it, that I felt as if I had done ſomething criminal, when he ſaid, he hoped Falkner would know how to eſtimate a lady's favours who riſked every rule of propriety to indulge him.

I coloured like ſcarlet; but feeling my conduct did not deſerve ſo ſevere a rebuke, I ſaid, with a degree of acrimony unuſual to me, that as my writing to Mr. Falkner had long ſince received the ſanction of his father, I had never once thought of the impropriety of it—and was leaving him.

"Conſider, my beſt, my deareſt ſiſter," graſping my hands, "I have a thouſand anxieties upon my mind, to which you are a ſtranger. I meant no affront either to you or Mr. Falkner. But—but—you know it is not an hour ſince he left us; and to write to him ſo ſoon——Believe me, my ſweet girl, the beſt of us men are open to vanity; and nothing can touch

touch it ſo ſoon as the flattering diſtinctions of women, lovely and amiable as my dear Miſs Ackworth."

"If it will be more agreeable to you, Sir, I will not ſend my note then; a verbal meſſage may do as well; but ſervants are apt to make ſuch notorious blunders——" I roſe to ring the bell; he held me on my ſeat.

"Pardon me," ſaid he; "I am ſo jealous that not the ſlighteſt propriety ſhould be violated which reſpects my ſiſter Emmeline, that if I am *ſometimes* a little unreaſonable, ſhe muſt kindly attribute the motive to the warmth of my anxiety. At all times and ſeaſons you ſhall find me diſpoſed to carry any meſſages to Mr. Falkner; but indeed you would greatly oblige me not to write to him, becauſe—becauſe——"

"Becauſe of what?" ſaid I. "Well then, to ſhew you my correſpondence with him is not a criminal one, you ſhall judge for yourſelf." I tore open the note, and gave it him to read.

He affected to throw it from him; though, at the ſame time, I ſaw he glanced his eye over it with great quickneſs, ſaying, he had not the leaſt curioſity to ſee its contents—only that if—— and men would plume themſelves upon the

the ſlighteſt indulgence—when ladies—But if I would favour him for half an hour with my company, we might call upon Falkner, and procure the muſic in queſtion.

Though I put as civil a negative on his requeſt as poſſible, yet his unſubdued ſpirit could not digeſt the refuſal. He then declared I was a witch and a hypocrite; ſaying, my pride was intolerable, and my perverſeneſs unparalleled; and that every body, by giving way always to my caprice, had abſolutely ſpoiled me.

"However, Sir," rejoined I, curtſeying, "I am thankful to have found a monitor in you, who will condeſcend to read a lecture to my vanity on the ſubject of humility." Again I would have left him.

"By Heavens! my ſweet Emmeline, you ſhall not go; your ſociety is the deareſt pleaſure I have on earth! You are———"

At that inſtant the General ſurpriſed us. It was the firſt time his preſence ever gave me an uneaſy moment; for Mr. Courtland's extraordinary behaviour had given ſuch an alarm to my ſpirits, that I felt as if my countenance bore the traces of guilt.

"What is the matter with my Emmeline?" ſaid he.

"Why, Sir," rejoined his ſon, "I have been ſeverely reproving her for the falſe conſtruction ſhe always puts upon my actions; and telling her, ſhe is kind, affable, and obliging, to all the world but myſelf."

"How is this, Emmeline?" ſaid the General: "theſe are heavy charges indeed!"

"And very unjuſt ones, I aſſure you, Sir: for refuſing an immediate compliance with a requeſt Mr. Courtland juſt made me to take an airing with him, I have been obliged to undergo ſuch a torrent of abuſe, you would have pitied me had you been within hearing; beſides, Mr. Courtland has abſolutely condeſcended to call names! I have been by turns a witch, an hypocrite, and what not."

"Poor child," ſaid the General laughing, inſtead of looking the concern I expected. "Why, Courtland, this is being cruelly ſevere on my girl. Well, my love," addreſſing me, "for the future, change your mode of conduct towards this imperious gentleman; and if gentleneſs does not bow his ſpirit to ſubmiſſion, we will then deviſe ſome other method.

I am

I am going out, and will order the carriage: you complained of the head-ach at breakfaſt; the air will do you good. Courtland, be careful of my Emmeline;" and retired.

Here, you will ſay, all oppoſition was at an end. What a triumph was this for Mr. Courtland! I felt piqued at it; and for ſome time after our departure continued ſilent: but he ſo ingeniouſly varied his converſation, that the ſubject of our quarrel was forgotten, and I liſtened to him with a degree of pleaſure I had never done before.

We called at Dr. Patterſon's; with whom Mr. Courtland is much pleaſed, as well as with his good lady. I really believe Mr. Courtland would cultivate their friendſhip with great eagerneſs, could he bring himſelf to ſurmount the unconquerable diſlike I fear he has taken to their worthy nephew. Adieu, dear Madam.

E. Ackworth.

LETTER XL.

H. Courtland, *Eſq*; *to* G. Montroſe, *Eſq*.

DEAR GEORGE, Roſelands.

"WHEN I ſaid I would never marry, I did not think I ſhould live till I were married."

The feelings of my heart will no longer be kept under the control of my boſom. Though the wound be incurable, yet I am content to ſuffer. What a blow is this to human pride!—I, who but a few months ago had the vanity to think I could engage the affections of the fineſt women living, am now the verieſt ſlave to the verieſt mad-cap that ever excited a tumult in the boſom of man; who regards me no more than ſhe would a ſet of faded ribbons which were injurious to her complexion!

How this paſſion could ſink ſo deep in my heart, without my making the diſcovery, is paſt my comprehenſion.—I think the firſt ſenſation I felt of it, was the night I met a certain young girl at Lady Bolton's aſſembly. I felt—I know not how I felt; but this I know, I felt

I felt an emotion I never knew before—ſuch a beating at my heart, which has been increaſing ever ſince, till it is become ſo riotous it ſpurns at every effort of reaſon, and will owe ſubmiſſion only to the gentle Emmeline.

Not to love her, George, is impoſſible; and to love her, ſhews you have a diſtinguiſhing taſte, to approve whatever is amiable, fair, and good.

But ſtill I am completely wretched! That Falkner loves her is certain—that ſhe loves him is certain—and that I am jealous as the devil is as certain!

I frequently quarrel with her; but it is of no avail, for *her* good humour never fails to blunt the edge of *my* invective. Her mind is all ſpirit, which communicates ſuch bewitching vivacity to her eyes, as makes her abſolutely irreſiſtible. Yet Emmeline is not very handſome: no, Montroſe, it is the features of her mind which captivate, more than thoſe of her face; beſides, there is a grace and *legéreté* in her perſon, which always catches the attention, that no dancing-maſter can give; it is a gift from nature, not an acquirement from art. Were I to place her on the line of handſome girls, I ſhould ſay Lady Au-

guſta Finleigh's complexion was finer, Lady Carlton's eyes more piercing; but this charming creature poſſeſſes an undeſcribable ſomething, which has changed every purpoſe of my ſoul; for whilſt her perſon exhibits all the graces of nature, her mind diſplays all the beauties of virtue.

I expect your congratulations on my exceſſive prudence—a virtue altogether new to me; for I flatter myſelf I behave ſo circumſpectly, that not even my ſiſter ſuſpects my partiality for her friend.—— Never will I openly avow my paſſion for this charming girl, till I know her boſom contains ſentiments tender and ardent as my own.

Strolling with her the other day round the garden, ſhe looked and talked ſo provokingly agreeable, that I ſnatched her hand, and kiſſed it with paſſion, calling her my ſiſter, my deareſt ſiſter; "and yet, for all the world," added I, "I would not have you ſtand in that relation to me; for I ſhould be the moſt miſerable of men!"

After dinner, my father ſaid to her, "My deareſt child, ſhall I beg the favour of you to help me to a glaſs of wine?"

With

With that genuine ſimplicity which diſtinguiſhes all ſhe ſays and does, ſhe replied, "You muſt not call me any longer your dear child, my good Sir; for Mr. Courtland, on my ſaying ſomething to him juſt now in the garden, he did not entirely approve, ſaid, "he ſhould be the moſt wretched man alive, if I were indeed his ſiſter."

Confuſion crimſoned my face, my father and ſiſter fixed their intelligent eyes upon me, and after a pauſe which his ſurpriſe occaſioned, he ſaid—"Courtland is a very thoughtleſs young man, my love, and does not know what is good for himſelf; and though he ſhould always perſiſt in diſowning you as a ſiſter, I will always treaſure you in my heart as a daughter."

"Then," ſaid ſhe, the tears ruſhing into her eyes, "with ſuch a refuge amidſt the ſtorms and tempeſts of life, my troubled ſpirits will always know where to find their deareſt home."

"And may I not flatter myſelf, my dear ſiſter," ſaid I, "that your dutiful attachment to the father ſhall not exclude the ſon from your confidence, which it ſhall be the joy of my life to deſerve?"

" I hope it will," ſaid my ſiſter.

" Mr. Courtland," added my incomparable love, " you know, Sophy, is a great promiſer, yet with all his promiſes he takes care never to let me enjoy an opinion of my own; he would have all my actions exactly ſquared by the rule of his inclinations; and when I rebel, then he promiſes never to offend again, and the moment he is forgiven, again he plunges into the ſame errors."

" As how, my dear?" ſaid my father ſmiling.—

" Why, Sir, when I am employed at my needle, or my pencil, or my book, and do not throw them aſide, when it is his imperious will I ſhould walk, or talk, or enter into any other frivolous amuſement with him, then he is all rage and reſentment; and when I chuſe to go abroad of my own accord, the weather is too hot, or too cold, or too wet, or too dry, or too ſomething or other, merely to ſhew his ſpirit for oppoſition; and to the truth of this Sophy can bear her atteſtation."

" Indeed," interrupted ſhe, " my domeſtic concerns engage me too much, to pay any attention to the ſilly prattle of a fooliſh boy and girl. When you have played

played a little longer at croſs purpoſes, I hope, brother, you will teach Emmeline to know more of the game."

My father ſmiled, I felt fooliſh: ſurely George, whilſt I thought myſelf ſhrouded in prudence, he and my ſiſter have not been reading what paſſed in my heart!

Adieu for the preſent; ever thine,

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER XLI.

To the Same.

Roſelands.

I OFTEN feel myſelf here in a ſtate of non-exiſtence, I have ſo many hours left to my own diſpoſal; I try books, but they don't fill up the void in my mind. Horace to his Lydia does not afford me half the ſatisfaction as Courtland with his Emmeline.

Every individual of this family has ſome uſeful avocation in it but myſelf, and they never give into the pleaſures of the day till it has been marked by ſome good.

My father riſes early, and ſpends his time in his cloſet, till he aſſembles his little family to thank the great Diſpoſer of all good for the mercies of the paſt night, and to implore his continued protection through the following day.

It is from Wilſon I learn the family movements; on hearing what were my father's cuſtoms, I expreſſed my ſurpriſe to him, why I, who am the only perſon in his family who ſtood moſt in need of his inſtructions, ſhould ſo long have been excluded the benefit of them.

"My dear ſon," ſaid he, "it gives me inexpreſſible pleaſure, ſuch a requeſt ſhould come from yourſelf; I truſt you cannot be ignorant of the eſſential duties of a Chriſtian life, otherwiſe I would adviſe you not to reſt on outward *forms*, a matter which concerns you ſo intimately; as they may lead you into more danger than avowed libertiniſm; for he who ſits down ſatisfied with himſelf, from having ſubſcribed to certain rules and forms, will never attain Chriſtian perfection. Divine Wiſdom in a moment may be graciouſly pleaſed to enlighten the mind of the infidel, when the formaliſt may find himſelf fatally deceived."

Theſe words, my friend, have ſunk deep in my heart, and have been the ſubject of much ſerious meditation; but whether their operations will have the deſired effect, time alone muſt determine.

When the girls appear at breakfaſt, there is an exact neatneſs and delicacy in their appearance, of which women of the world have no idea; their complexions glowing with health, how infinitely ſuperior to the ſqualid faces of our ladies of ton, whoſe haggard eyes, half ſunk in their heads, beſpeak them ſtill oppreſſed with languor from their nocturnal revels.

My ſiſter and Miſs Ackworth give up two mornings every week, aſſiſted by their women, to provide for the neceſſities of the poor;—from their private purſes they make a conſiderable fund, to which my father is a ſubſcriber; and, by a plan ſo truly humane, miſery never quits them unrelieved.

O Montroſe! when I reflect upon the paſt, I am ready to curſe my exiſtence. The ſums of money I have lately ſquandered on fooliſh vanities overpower me with ſhame.

Firmly am I convinced, that if there be a God of mercy, he muſt be a God of vengeance alſo." Adieu.

H. C.

LETTER XLII.

To the Same.

Roſelands.

I CANNOT bear it, George; I live for no earthly purpoſe but to watch Miſs Ackworth's growing paſſion for Falkner. In abſence I try to hate her; but the moment I ſee her again, ſhe draws every cord of my heart more firmly than ever towards her. My father frequently aſks me if I have ſettled any plan for my future life? He wiſhes I would marry, talks of this lady, then of that; it is plain he does not ſuſpect my attachment to his Emmeline.

One day, entering my ſiſter's dreſſing-room, I heard the voice of Miſs Ackworth proceed from a cloſet within it: Sophy held up her finger, as much as to ſay, ſit down and hold your tongue.

I obeyed.

I obeyed.—" Do you know, Emmeline," ſaid ſhe, " my brother has been tampering with me to get admittance to us whenever we are engaged with our needles, and has offered to read to us."

" Alas! poor man," rejoined this ſaucy charmer, " his ſociety can be of little advantage, where people are uſefully employed; for I cannot find he has been ever ſeriouſly engaged for five minutes together ſince his exiſtence firſt began."

" That I'll allow," ſaid my ſiſter archly; " but you muſt grant that he is humane and generous."

" Why, yes, being allied to his father, he cannot but be humane; and every man who is too indolent to take charge of his own fortune, is called generous, becauſe he ſupplies the wants of thoſe who miniſter to his pleaſures."

" You muſt allow then he is capable of a lively and tender friendſhip."

" I can only anſwer as far as relates to myſelf; for to be adopted his friend, Sophy, you muſt patiently ſubmit to all the caprices of his humour."—At that inſtant out ſhe daſh'd upon me, with that eaſy grace ſo peculiar to herſelf; on ſeeing me ſhe ſtood collected, but made not the leaſt apology for the

dark

dark tints with which ſhe had ſhaded my character.

I was more than half ſtimulated to take a full and ample revenge—but fear—Hang me if ever I felt the ſenſation of fear in any woman's company, till this charming girl bewitched me! which at three years old gave me ſuch a palpitation at the heart, I have never ſince got the better of, though it ſeemed ſmothered for a time.

"I hope," taking her by the hand, "you will beg my pardon for the freedom you have uſed with my character."

"I am ready, Sir," ſaid ſhe, with a look of the greateſt coolneſs, "if you think I have advanced any thing which is not ſtrictly true."

"Few people would approve their own pictures, Miſs Ackworth, if they were exact likeneſſes."

"You would be flattered by me then, would you, Sir?"—"I would wiſh to be eſteemed by you, Madam."

Thus we went on wrangling till my ſiſter told me ſhe was tired of us both, and wiſhed we would finiſh our debate in the garden. I eagerly graſped at her propoſal, but Emmeline was not in a diſpoſition to grant me indulgences.

I ven-

I ventured, with beating heart and trembling lips, to aſk my father, as all the men who had ever ſeen Miſs Ackworth became her admirers, if ſhe had formed a predilection in favour of any?

He ſaid he had his ſuſpicions. I told him I had mine alſo.—That Mr. Falkner——

"Mr. Falkner," interrupted he, "is an excellent young gentleman; his life has been a mixed ſcene of pains and pleaſures; he has a generous ſympathizing heart, and I know no man living every way ſo well qualified to make a woman of ſenſe completely happy."

"And your Emmeline, Sir, has a fine underſtanding."

"An exceedingly good one," added he, "which makes the conqueſt of her heart above the aim of every coxcomb; but this is a ſubject, my dear ſon, we will diſcuſs more fully hereafter; but," added he, "I do not wiſh to be thought to pry into your ſecrets; otherwiſe I would aſk you, if you have not yet found a wiſh of entering into the married ſtate?"

A thouſand, I told him; but whenever I found my own affections engaged, I found thoſe of the lady prediſpoſed of. Adieu.

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER XLIII.

Miſs Ackworth *to Mrs.* Aylbert.

Roſelands.

NEVER, dear Madam, was I ſo truly diſtreſſed as at this moment; for Mr. Courtland has proved himſelf unworthy the eſteem of all good men.

Ah, how vice debaſes the mind! I, who ſo lately beheld Mr. Courtland with a truly ſiſterly affection, now look on him with abhorrence: O why did hypocriſy make ſo fair a manſion her reſidence?

You know our little farm which ſtands about a quarter of a mile from the houſe, at the entrance of a little copſe; it is kept by a poor widow woman of the name of Smith. She came to me yeſterday evening, begging I would condeſcend to go with her that inſtant to the farm, for her couſin Jervaſe was come from France, where he had kept a hotel many years in great credit, till Mr. Courtland ruined his daughter, brought her off to England with him, and then left her to add one to the number of thoſe wretched females who eat the bread of ſhame

for

for the ſordid recompence of gaudy finery.

This truly touching ſtory had nearly wrung drops of blood from my heart before I reached the farm. I found poor Jervaſe in the ſtate exactly deſcribed by his couſin; he appeared very old and feeble; I could not well diſtinguiſh his features, for it was nearly dark.

His Engliſh was very broken; in a few words he confirmed all Mrs. Smith had been ſaying, but in a voice of anguiſh, which ſtill added pathos to his narrative; and concluded by ſaying, he was ſorry to make the General and his daughter miſerable, by recounting his tale; therefore Mrs. Smith adviſed him to refer it to me to try what could be done for him, as he was in immediate want.

I put my purſe in his hand; he tremblingly preſſed mine to his lips.

I then left him, and returned home; but with a mind ſo agitated, it was an hour afterwards before I could venture into company.

My poor heart, pained at ſeeing Mr. Courtland ſo unworthy the opinion I had formed of him, forgot its firmneſs—I fainted away.

Seeing

Seeing his anxiety on my recovery, hurt me ſtill more; and, though he tenderly preſſed my hands, yet it ſtill heightened my indignation. Soon after I affected to be perfectly recovered, and begged permiſſion to retire for the night; an indulgence which was readily granted me. As ſoon as I grew compoſed, I wrote thus far, and hope to ſend you to-morrow the concluſion of this unfortunate ſtory.

Adieu my dear Madam.

E. A.

LETTER XLIV.

To the Same. (In Continuation.)

UNFORTUNATELY I was quite out of money, and how to apply to the General for an extraordinary ſum, without letting him into the reaſons for what I wanted it, puzzled me extremely; however I went down ſtairs with apparent gaiety, though Heaven knows how ſeverely

verely it pained me to counterfeit a cheerfulneſs I did not feel.

I purſued the General to his ſtudy. "Your pleaſure, my love," ſaid he, as I entered.

"You can do me," ſaid I, "a moſt eſſential piece of ſervice; but I have not courage to make my requeſt, whilſt your eyes are upon me," laying my ſpread hand over his face.

"Do with me as you pleaſe," ſaid he, affectionately embracing me, "then make your requeſt."

"But my dear Sir, will you promiſe to grant it without enquiring into my reaſons for it?"

"Moſt aſſuredly, my dear."

"Well, notwithſtanding your extreme liberality," cried I, "this laſt half year I have greatly exceeded my accuſtomed frugality; now, if you would advance me twenty or thirty guineas, I will refund the whole when my next payment becomes due."

Opening his bureau, he gave me forty guineas, ſaying, "I could not oblige him ſo much, as never to let him hear more on the ſubject: — For I know," added he, "the liberality of my Emmeline's heart, and its warmth

ſhall

ſhall never be ſuppreſſed whilſt I have the means to make it glow;" then kiſſing me tenderly, he turned me out of the room.

Hurrying acroſs the paſſage I met Mr. Courtland, who enquired with the kindeſt anxiety how I did, ſaying, "he had paſſed the night under the extremeſt inquietude, fearing I was going to be ill."

I aſſured him there was not the leaſt cauſe at preſent for ſuch a ſuppoſition, as I found myſelf perfectly well.—I was leaving him—

"You would not quit me ſo abruptly, my dear Miſs Ackworth, were you not eager to ſee Mr. Falkner, who is juſt arrived."

"I never did, Sir, and I hope I never ſhall ſee Mr. Falkner but with eyes of pleaſure. I revere his underſtanding and honour his virtues; but I am not going to him at preſent, I have other claims upon me.—Age ſhrinking with miſery, inflicted by the licentiouſneſs of youth—" the tears ruſhed into my eyes.

"Dear tender-hearted girl, we will go together then," cried he; "no, Sir, rather ſtay where you are, and reflect upon the horrors a fond parent muſt feel, whoſe only

only child becomes the victim of the libertine's licentious hours."

I would not ſtay to hear his reply, gueſſing he might find the application in his own boſom.

I paſſed the day impatiently waiting for the hour appointed to meet Mr. Jervaſe.

"Dear good old man," ſaid I as ſoon as I ſaw him, preſſing his hands, "I have brought you that which ſets want at defiance" (giving him the money), "and would it could ſoothe the anguiſh of a wounded ſpirit."

"O Courtland, Courtland!" muttered I, as I walked to the window, to conceal my tears, "why haſt thou given, by this fatal conduct, the deepeſt anguiſh to my heart it has ever known?"

Here the old man, with more alacrity than I thought his age and infirmities were capable of, ſprang forward, and claſping me to his boſom, ſaid,

"Pardon, pardon, deareſt Emmeline, the fraud of which I have been guilty; never, never, will I again cauſe thoſe tears to flow; you were benevolence itſelf to all the world but Courtland, who could deviſe no other mode to have your pity."

"Vile abominable hypocrite," cried I; for indeed it was Mr. Courtland.

"Traitor,

"Traitor, Judas, how dare you thus impoſe upon my credulity?"

"Only to excite your pity, my angel."

"And you have done it moſt effectually, Sir, by having thus debaſed your underſtanding to impoſe on a ſilly girl: pray return me my money."

"Never, never," ſaid he, kiſſing the purſe, "till you promiſe me ſomething greatly more than equivalent."

"And what pray may that be?"

"Your friendſhip, your eſteem, your love, my deareſt Emmeline."

"They are not in *my* power to beſtow," ſaid I; "for thoſe who have never meanly impoſed upon me, have them all;" and I flung out of the door; he attended me home, after ſhaking off his diſguiſe; and though he ſaid a thouſand flattering gallant things to me, I was too much in the pouts to vouchſafe him the leaſt reply.

Yet after all, Madam, I ſincerely rejoiced to find him innocent of ſuch an enormity. What an affliction would it have been to his excellent father and his beloved ſiſter, had he been guilty. Adieu.

E. Ackworth.

LETTER XLV.

H. Courtland, *Eſq*; *to* G. Montroſe, *Eſq*.

IN my laſt, George, I told you of my intended plot againſt Emmeline; but, good Heavens, with what a flood of tender ſorrow has it deluged her boſom! I dare not truſt myſelf to deſcribe to you the ſenſations of my heart, when, preſſing my trembling hand, under the character of old Jervaſe, ſhe called me her dear good man, and lamented the depravity of my nature, till my hands were wetted with her tears. O what fond tranſport did that dear moment convey to my ſoul! and afterwards, on diſcovering myſelf, I heard her mutter to herſelf, "Not for worlds would I have my Sophy's brother a deliberate villain."

She continued moſt glorioufly in the ſullens after the diſcovery; and though ſhe related the whole adventure to my father and ſiſter, who laughed heartily, I could not get a ſentence addreſſed to myſelf.

She inſiſts on having the money reſtored to her, and has appealed to my father for the legality of her demand.

He

He declares he is not caſuiſt enough to decide on ſo nice a point.

She ſays it wants no caſuiſtry to decide on a point of common honeſty; that as the money was obtained by fraud, reſtitution ought to be made to the owner.

I told her, if ſhe would begin a ſuit againſt me, I would ſtand trial in any court of judicature, provided ſhe would appear as plaintiff.

My father and ſiſter thought this a reaſonable propoſal; and here the matter reſts at preſent. Adieu.

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER XLVI.

To the Same. (In Continuation.)

Roſelands.

I SNATCH a few moments, Montroſe, from the joy and pride of my heart, to tell you the return I made her for her preſent, though long before my ſuppoſed delinquency I laid my ſcheme before my father, which he honoured with his approbation.

My

My horſes are ſo mettleſome, and my phaeton ſo curſedly high, that never once have I been able to prevail on Miſs Ackworth to accompany me a ſingle airing.

I wrote to town to Hatchett to ſend me the moſt elegant low carriage which could be made; and to Tatterſal for four completely matched white ponies, to which I added two little drivers in white jackets trimmed with ſilver, alſo ſmall caps adorned with black plumes.

My preparations were all made with great ſecrecy, and I gave Wilſon the word of command when they were to make their appearance.

We had juſt riſen from breakfaſt, when drawing to the bow-window, or rather glazed doors, which open on a graſs-plat bordered with ſhrubs, the carriage drove up.

"Good Heavens, my dear Sir," exclaimed ſhe to my father, "pray ſtep hither; the queen of the Fairies is certainly making the tour of the world, and honours us with a viſit by the way; but ſtay, I don't ſee her, I ſee only her car drawn by Cupids."

"Very true," added he; "for, having provided a nut-ſhell for herſelf, ſhe

intends this as a preſent to the goddeſs of love."

"There is no bribe," cried ſhe, "I will leave unoffered, if ſhe will indulge me with an airing in this celeſtial vehicle; for I long to daſh amongſt the ſtars, to know what the good folks are doing there."

"Well," ſaid my ſiſter, "to drop all metaphor, pray tell us, brother, to whom this carriage belongs, whether to mortal or goddeſs."

"To a goddeſs then," ſaid I.

"But her name—her name, Mr. Courtland," ſaid my charmer.

"Emmeline, Madam;" bowing.

She coloured exceedingly.

"I have endeavoured, Miſs Ackworth," continued I, "to lay out the preſent you made old Jervaſe to the beſt advantage; yet ſtill I have a very conſiderable ſurplus, which I will return when I am ſatisfied that the ſubject in queſtion is honoured with your approbation; but if you will indulge me with your company for one little hour, we will take an airing and diſcuſs the point."

"Pardon me, Sir, I feel myſelf ſecure where I am; for this carriage may prove all a viſion like old Jervaſe's ſtory; in a moment

moment I may be launched into the air, and I may break my neck in the fall as poor Phaëton of ambitious memory did before me."

My father aſſured her that Engliſh horſes were better trained than thoſe which were harneſſed to the chariot of the ſun; and added, provided ſhe had no apprehenſions of my head turning round in conſequence of my good fortune, that he hoped ſhe would indulge me with her company, as I had requeſted.

Mr. Falkner appearing on the inſtant, he ſaid, "he might drive my ſiſter in the other carriage."

This propoſal pleaſed all parties, and we made a charming excurſion of ſeveral hours, and in the evening we drank tea at Dr. Patterſon's.

The good old-faſhioned Doctor and his lady, inſtead of meeting their gueſts with the cold faſhionable grimace of the times, met us with hearts glowing with hoſpitality.

Mr. Falkner, as he ever is, was perfectly the gentleman; it is impoſſible to hate him, yet I cannot love him as he deſerves. Though he converſes more with books than men, yet he is perfectly free from every kind of pedantry; and, O George, were I convinced he held not

the firſt place in Emmeline's heart, it would be my pride and boaſt to call him my friend. Adieu.

H. C.

LETTER XLVII.

Miſs Ackworth *to Mrs.* Aylbert.

A Susceptible mind is ever ingenious to create its own anxieties; I was happy once, yet I cannot tell why I am not ſo at preſent. I have the beſt and moſt indulgent of friends in the General, Sophy's affection for me rather increaſes than diminiſhes, and Mr. Courtland's attentions are unabated.

I wiſh he met Mr. Falkner's friendſhip with equal ſincerity; I owe him ſo much gratitude for the improvements I have made under his inſtruction, and for the pleaſure I have derived from his elegant converſation, that I ſeize every opportunity when Mr. Courtland and I are together, to deſcribe his many excellencies with all the energy in my poor power; but, if he hears me at all, it is with the moſt chilling indifference.

Surely

Surely he cannot be envious of Mr. Falkner's various accompliſhments, who has himſelf ſo fine an underſtanding.

The other day Mr. Falkner and I had ſtrolled to a very picturesque ſpot; he ſtopped, took out his pencil to take a ſketch of it; I believe it might have detained us upwards of two hours: the time flew unheeded by us; when we came home he took his leave, having refuſed the General's invitation to dinner.

He was no ſooner gone, than I went into the garden; and, being a little fatigued with my walk, ſat down under a tree, round which was entwined a honeyſuckle in full bloom.

In a ſhort time I was accoſted by Mr. Courtland; his countenance wore the ſtrongeſt marks of diſſatisfaction; he took his ſeat by me, but ſpoke not; my heart fluttered, and my hands trembled, as I gathered the flowers which hung luxuriantly over my head.

At length he ſaid, my conduct was cenſurable in the higheſt degree, and that he highly diſapproved it.

In a low voice I replied, I was not conſcious that I had been guilty of any impropriety; but if I had committed a crime unintentionally, I was ſorry for it,

and ſhould be obliged to him for his friendly correction.

" Is Mr. Falkner then an accepted lover, Miſs Ackworth? if not, do you think it conſiſtent with the delicacy of your notions on other occaſions, thus to devote whole hours to him alone?"

" And have you no other charge againſt me," ſaid I, " becauſe of this I can ſo eaſily vindicate myſelf." I told him what had been our purſuit; " but did my abſence give you real concern?" continued I.

" Did it give me real concern?" cried he: " Yes, my dear Miſs Ackworth, I have been the moſt miſerable wretch ever ſince."

" Bleſs me, Sir, about what?"

" About what?" interrupted he, impatiently; " you have no ſenſibility, no feeling, Miſs Ackworth."

" You accuſe me unjuſtly, Sir; and the warmth of your temper makes me tremble from head to foot; but indeed voluntarily I would not give you pain for all the world."

Then I was his charming Emmeline; " but," added he, " would my diſpleaſure really give you pain?"

I told him I ſhould ever look upon his diſpleaſure as a moſt ſerious evil.

" Charming

" Charming girl! but tell me, would it add to your happineſs, if it were in your power to promote mine?"

" Very much," added I, " and you could greatly enlarge mine, if you would oblige me in one thing."

" O name it, name it, my ſweet girl" —eagerly.

" By returning Mr. Falkner's offered friendſhip with a greater degree of warmth," ſaid I.

He roſe, toſſed my hand indignantly from him, called me a capricious girl, and added, that henceforward he ſhould conſult his own peace, and learn to treat *indifference* with *indifference*.

He flung from me, leaving me very much aſtoniſhed. When I returned to the houſe, I found he was gone out on horſeback, and ſoon after a note was brought to ſignify he ſhould not dine at home.

This excited univerſal conjecture; but no one could fathom the meaning of this extraordinary conduct. Sophy declared ſhe had done nothing to give him offence; I proteſted the ſame, and related every word which paſſed between us in the garden.

" I believe," ſaid the General ſmiling, " I have hit upon the cauſe at laſt;

but I was apprehenſive at firſt, from ſome traces of anxiety I ſaw hovering on my Emmeline's brow, that this paſſionate boy might have behaved towards her in a manner her gentleneſs does not deſerve. But don't be uneaſy, my dear, we will bring him to a juſt ſenſe of his errors at laſt; for, if we cannot convince his reaſon, we will touch his pride."

We ſpent the afternoon by appointment at Dr. Patterſon's, not doubting but Mr. Courtland would have joined us there; but he neither appeared, nor ſent to make his excuſes. When we got home, we learnt he returned ſoon after we went out, and that he had paſſed his hours ever ſince in the garden, where Wilſon had carried him coffee.

When the ſervant informed him ſupper was on table, he ſent to be excuſed.

"So then," ſaid Sophy, "we females at laſt, Emmeline, muſt always ſtoop to theſe lords of the creation; I will e'en go and condeſcend to aſk him to walk in." She went, but ſoon returned, ſaying, he was moſt gloriouſly in the ſullens.

"Suppoſe our Emmeline were to try the effects of her power upon him," ſaid the General; "for, after all, I do think ſhe is at the bottom of theſe airs."

I aſſured

I assured him of my innocence, and begged some other envoy might be dispatched, who was more likely to succeed in the embassy; however, for once, he said, I must oblige him.

Thus urged, what could I do? I felt the spirit of pride agitate my bosom as I sought him in different walks.

I found him at length sitting under the very tree where our dispute commenced in the morning. On hearing footsteps, "Who is there?" cried he angrily.

"Only Emmeline," said I, "deputed by your father, to request you will come in to supper."

"And why," said he, snatching my hand, "must I be indebted to him for your courtesy?"

"Because, Sir, from the ill treatment I received from you to-day, I had little reason to hope for success through my own mediation."

"There perhaps you were never more deceived, Miss Ackworth," interrupted he; "you treat me very unkindly."

"What was not intended as an affront, Sir, a candid mind would generously overlook; but it is your custom of late, Mr. Courtland, to mortify me by putting wrong constructions on all I say and do.

If I am not ſo happy as to merit your eſteem, it gives me great pain always to be expoſed to your cenſure."

"Would to Heaven, Madam," cried he with great energy, "I could think leſs favourably of you than I do, and that I cannot is my curſe." I never ſaw him ſo angry before, and therefore thought it more prudent to ſooth than provoke his reſentment.

I told him I wanted the conſolations of a friend, and therefore had choſen him to put me in humour with myſelf for the mortifications I had juſt received at Dr. Patterſon's, at a little concert we had made in the garden (where all kinds of muſical inſtruments are kept in a room appropriated for the purpoſe), as my performances had been ſo much underrated by the whole party, that Sophy had won the prize, and that Mr. Falkner had declared I neither ſung nor played a note in tune; but I was never more out of ſpirits.

"Good God!" ſaid he, "and could Falkner venture to diſapprove; and did his diſapprobation really affect your ſpirits?"

"No; they had not recovered your violent treatment of me in the morning" —riſing to go.

"Pardon my impatience, deareſt girl; but my ſoul for many hours has been in a tumult. I am out of humour with myſelf, and therefore my reſentment has fallen where I leaſt wiſhed it."

"Well then, it ſhall be no more remembered," cried I, "provided you will accompany me to ſupper, which is waiting your arrival: for I am charged not to return without you; if you ſtay longer, the night air may affect your health."

"Deareſt girl," ſaid he riſing, "your anxiety about me is ſo new a thing to me, that you ſhall find me all gratitude; lead me where you pleaſe"—taking my hand.

When we appeared in the houſe,—"You ſee now Emmeline," ſaid the General, "the wonderful effect of your eloquence, of which you were very doubtful when I deputed you on this embaſſy; and, as you have ſecured your captive, we will let all hoſtilities ceaſe."

Mr. Courtland gallantly ſaid, "the proudeſt boaſter of liberty could not boaſt half the ſatisfaction he ſhould feel in bondage to ſuch a conqueror."

Adieu, dear Madam.

E. Ackworth.

LETTER XLVIII.

H. Courtland, *Esq.* *to* G. Montroſe, *Esq.*

HOW diſappointments humble human vanity! This paſſion, George, has abſorbed all the powers of my mind! every ſatisfaction of my life ſeems now dependent on one object.

Ah, my friend! had I yielded to the ſolicitations of my father to viſit Roſelands, before Falkner had impreſſed Emmeline's tender heart with love, I might have ſucceeded; but the evil is now paſt remedy—my dream of happineſs is diſſolved, and has left nothing behind it but the keen reproaches of my own heart.—— Diſtraction fires my brain—Never, never, George, whilſt I have life, ſhall ſhe be Falkner's. Adieu.

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER XLIX.

G. Montroſe, *Eſq*; *to* H. Courtland, *Eſq*.

The Glens.

YOU deceive yourſelf, my dear Courtland: no man is half as happy or miſerable as he thinks himſelf.—Your mind hitherto has been uncontrolled by oppoſition; and therefore you reject the ninety-nine bleſſings you really poſſeſs, becauſe you fancy the hundredth is placed beyond your reach.

How often have I heard you advance an opinion, that women's minds were all alike; that they differed only in complexion; and, now you are got amongſt women of taſte and refinement, you are at a loſs how to treat them like rational creatures.

If you have given me a faithful delineation of Miſs Ackworth's diſpoſition, it is evident, Courtland, you have made a pretty ſtout buſtle in her boſom; although I believe her ignorant of the real motives which occaſion the uproar. She is a lovely girl! Take care not to chill her growing tenderneſs by any ſudden impulſe of impetuous paſſion. Let time

and

and aſſiduity ſilently aſſiſt your operations: draw her towards you by the gentle cords of love, and do not alarm her fears with the rapid inundations of paſſion; for I ſee your bounce and bluſter keep her ſpirits always on the alarm—whilſt Falkner wins her confidence by his eaſe and good-humour.—Adieu. Yours ever,

G. MONTROSE.

LETTER L.

H. Courtland, *Eſq*; *to* G. Montroſe, *Eſq*.

Hot Wells.

YOUR letter, George, followed me hither. It has filled me with hopes *too* animating to be indulged, and too tender to be reſigned. If your ſuggeſtions be true, what a blockhead am I to have acted ſo precipitately! To convince Emmeline I could pay her coldneſs with neglect, I formed the raſh reſolution of a journey; but, dear George, to indulge my pride, how have I plagued my heart!

The

The firſt perſon I met on coming hither, was Lady Carlton. After paying her my congratulations upon her marriage, I enquired after Sir Richard, and aſked, if he were at the Wells?

"O the wretch!" cried ſhe, "he is come hither to cure his cough, if water can reſtore liver and lungs which have been kept for near a century bathed in brandy!"

"Your ladyſhip muſt have known his character before you married him."

"Monſter!—You know that revenge, not love, ſtimulated me to marry him."

"Faith, not I, Madam," negligently.

"You will be ever the ſame provoking d—l, Courtland," ſlapping me with her fan. "I hear you are a loſt man, Sir."

"As how, Madam?"

"Why, report ſays, you have given up the world, and all its flattering joys, to ſtudy the ſcience of Love under that pretty griſette I unfortunately met at your houſe in town."

"Whatever may have been my ſtudies ſince I laſt ſaw your ladyſhip, I do not think I have made any great proficiency in them; and therefore I have ſome thoughts to give up the purſuit, and came

came hither on purpoſe to diſſipate thoſe hours which I lately gave up to ſtudy."

"You will drink tea with me, Courtland?"

I bowed. At that inſtant, to my great chagrin, who ſhould ſlap me on the ſhoulder but Lord Layton, followed by Sir Charles Willoughby and Bob Langford. We all attended her ladyſhip home. As I was never leſs diſpoſed for company, I made my retreat as ſoon as poſſible after tea; but not before I had formed an opinion, not much in favour of her ladyſhip's ſtrict attachment to the marriage vow—nor the honour of Sir Charles Willoughby.

In this my mortified ſtate, what would I not give for one glance of the fair Emmeline!—To ſee her happy, in making all around her happy, myſelf excepted; ſhining like a little divinity, diſpenſing joy and peace to all. Adieu.

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER LI.

To the Same. (In Continuation.)

Hot Wells.

THESE ſons of riot (viz. the old trio) will diſtract me. I owe them a moſt confounded grudge for depriving me, a few mornings ago, of the moſt tranquil moments I have long enjoyed. It was about ſix o'clock in the morning; I was dreaming that my Emmeline looked kindly on me, and, in the preſence of Falkner, ſuffered me to preſs her hand to my lips; when Lord Layton, Willoughby, and Langford, burſt into my apartment, who were returning to their reſpective lodgings from their nocturnal revels.

On opening my eyes, judge of my aſtoniſhment! which could only be exceeded by Wilſon's, who ſtood trembling by like an aſpen-leaf, dreading my diſpleaſure for an accident he could not help.——In one voice they all congratulated me on my marriage, ſwearing they would have a kiſs of the bride, though they had heard ſhe was a d——d ugly hag.

"Why,

"Why, what the d—l do you mean?" ſaid I.

"Mean!" ſaid his lordſhip. "Why, report runs, Courtland, that you have taken to your boſom that ſquint-eyed piece of miſchief called *Reformation*, after ſhe has been refuſed admittance into all faſhionable ſocieties."

"Faith, my lord, you are not altogether in the wrong: and I can tell you what, gentlemen, ſhe has ſeveral ſiſters; and as you are all bachelors, or at leaſt will ſoon be ſo, I would adviſe you each to take one; for they are admirable œconomiſts, and will procure a man all the ſatisfactions in life, without endangering his health or injuring his fortune."

Gueſs, if you can, the noiſy uproar which enſued; nor could I oblige them to quit me, till I promiſed to meet them at eleven at the long-room at breakfaſt.

I fulfilled my engagement. In the mean time, they planned what was intended as a very good *joke*. The celebrated Charlotte ———, Layton's favourite ſultana, was appointed to preſide at the tea-table—concluding, I ſuppoſe, that, ſince my connexion with the lady *Reformation*, I ſhould be frightened to death, like Fribble in the farce, at the ſight of one of the "vile naughty women

men of the town." I was inwardly provoked at a violation of decorum in ſuch a place; but the only way to blunt the edge of their wit, was by affecting total indifference. The artful girl had been well inſtructed in the part ſhe was to play; but her glances had no more effect on me, than the ogling of my great-grandmother would through her ſpectacles, had ſhe been living. How contemptible vice becomes the moment the mind feels diſguſt at it!

Langford ſaid, the whole fraternity in town looked upon me as a loſt man.

"Ditto, of the *ſiſ*-ternity," ſaid Sir Charles.

"You are really then, Courtland," added his lordſhip, "going to take orders?"

"Provided you all lend your intereſt to get me the chaplainſhip of the ſociety," returned I; "and if I do not ſoon diſguſt you with the ſins of the world, the fleſh, and the devil, I'll reſign my gown to ſome more able divine."

"Pray," ſaid Sir Charles, ſneeringly, "have you ſeen the laſt new poem?—'Tis thought to be a work of great merit."

"Name it, Sir Charles."

"The

"The Libertine Reclaimed; or, The Surpriſing Adventures of Mr. Courtland!" ſaid he.

Then they all laughed moſt obſtreperouſly; and ſoon after we parted for the day. I promiſed to meet them in the evening at a private ball; which introduced me to Lady Auguſta Finleigh, who is taking a fortnight's water before ſhe goes to Darnley: ſhe betrayed no coquettiſh airs on ſeeing me, but behaved with great eaſe and good-humour. The friendſhip I ſo maliciouſly broke off, is now united between her ladyſhip and Lady Carlton with a ſtronger cement.

I whiſpered Lady Carlton I was glad to ſee, that whatever had cauſed the miſunderſtanding between her and Lady Auguſta, was at length ſo happily removed.

She called me a perfidious devil; then ſhaking her head, ſaid, "Ah! Courtland, the friendſhip of handſome girls is but the romance of a moment, which the breath of flattery from your ſex at once diſſolves in air."———Adieu.

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER LII.

To the Same.

Hot Wells.

HERE I am ſtill. I dread nothing ſo much as company; which to avoid, I ſpend whole hours rambling through the rocks that overhang this beautifully romantic ſpot. I ſit upon the brow of one, and there examine the ſtate of my heart, where I find Emmeline's empire more firmly eſtabliſhed than ever!—I ſtart up, almoſt in an agony of mind, vowing to return that moment to Roſelands. Then my heated imagination preſents to my view Emmeline, purſuing ſome elegant accompliſhment, her eye meeting Falkner's for approbation!—Then I throw myſelf again upon the graſs, and give vent to the bittereſt exclamations.

I have been compelled to give a private ball; at which Lady Auguſta Finleigh and Lady Carlton were the principal figures. I ſhould once have thought myſelf diſtinguiſhed with ſuch a party around me; but my ſpirits are quite gone.

Lord

Lord Layton, obſerving my dejection, ſaid, I was become the dulleſt dog alive, ſince I had exchanged the vaſt ſtock of animal ſpirits I once poſſeſſed for a mere *ſcrap* of morality; and then made a thouſand enquiries after my blue-eyed ſiſter?—for I never undeceived him as to Emmeline.——He called her an intoxicating angel, ſaying, it was a pity ſhe would not ſhake off her prudery, there was ſo much bewitching roguery about her. "Do you know, Courtland, I have thought of her ten thouſand times ſince the Pantheon affair; and am determined to viſit her, if you would but invite me."

"It is not in my power, my Lord," breathleſs at the idea: "I am only on a viſit to my father. I purpoſe ſoon going to Courtland Manor, where I ſhall be glad to ſee your lordſhip."

By this ſeeming civility, I got rid of his importunity; for could he have gueſſed at what paſſed in my mind, ſpight of men and devils, he would have followed me to Roſelands.

Whatever may be my future lot, Montroſe, I muſt return thither!—O how weak is reſolution, when oppoſed by the feelings of the heart!——Adieu.

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER LIII.

Miſs Ackworth *to Mrs.* Aylbert.

Roſelands.

AH, Madam, that ſweet repoſe we ſo lately enjoyed at Roſelands has now deſerted us!—Mr. Courtland is gone to the Briſtol Wells, wearied of the ſtupid uniformity of a country life.

But the great evil is, that an old friend of the General's, who is at the Wells, writes him, that his ſon is plunged into all the diſſipations of his former life. We are not then to be ſurpriſed at his leaving us with ſo much precipitation, ſince it was to renew an engagement with a deſerted miſtreſs, who met him there. Lady Auguſta Finleigh and Lady Carlton are alſo there: theſe rival beauties ſtorm his heart between them. Public dinners and private balls engroſs all his time!—No wonder he ſhould write but once to his father in his abſence; and then his letter ſo cold and conciſe, that it ſhowed how much his affections were otherwiſe engaged.

Since this ungracious account of Mr. Courtland's conduct arrived, the boſom

of

of my dear Sophy has been a prey to the bittereſt grief; and tears of anguiſh ſtream inceſſantly from her eyes!—I cannot weep like her; but yet my heart is not without its ſorrows.

Twenty times a-day does the dear General preſs me to his boſom, ſaying, "The vices of young men, my dear, I ſee, are deſtined to afflict other boſoms beſides a parent's. The virtuous mind is moſt prepared to meet diſappointments, and beſt enabled to endure them, becauſe they find ſupport from the integrity of their hearts; but the profligate, my beſt love, when the moment of awakened reflection comes, finds his boſom void of thoſe tender conſolations which could ſooth his anguiſh or animate his hopes. Let us pity the errors of my ſon, though we cannot reform them."

Adieu, my dear Madam.

E. Ackworth.

LETTER LIV.

H. Courtland, *Eſq.* *to* G. Montroſe, *Eſq.*

WELL, George, after paſſing a fortnight at the Wells, I thought, being tried by my own feelings, I had done ſufficient penance to wipe out all the irregularities of my paſt life, for having abſented myſelf thus long from the joy of my heart, on whoſe ſmiles my very exiſtence depends.——"If ſhe returns my tenderneſs," ſaid I to myſelf, "ſhe will betray a pleaſure at my unexpected return, which, warming my boſom with tranſport, will richly atone to me for all the anxieties I have endured."

I have denied myſelf the pleaſure of writing to her, in order to affect a little ſhew of reſentment; for, to confeſs the fact, my precipitate flight from Roſelands was partly occaſioned by the falſe conſtructions ſhe put on my conduct, which was frequently too ardent—too impetuous—to accord with the cold correctneſs of her's.

From the moment I fixed my determination of returning hither, I gave a looſe to all the tender ſolicitude of hope.—Ah, how greatly did my impatient ſpirit outſtrip the motion of my horſes. "There," cried I, when they had brought me within ſight of the houſe, "there is the bleſſed manſion which contains my angel—there I ſhall ſee, hear, and liſten to her enchanting voice, whilſt my enquiring eye ſhall aſk of her's, if ſhe can ſee my vaſt exceſs of fondneſs without feeling one correſponding emotion?"

But ah! my friend, all is loſt!—The gay viſion of fancy no longer gilds my dream of pleaſure. My bright hopes are vaniſhed, and have left me nothing in life but what the verieſt wretch would refuſe to ſhare with me—miſery and deſpair!——Adieu.

H. COURTLAND.

LETTER LV.

(In Continuation.)

Roſelands.

A THOUSAND tender ſenſations aſſailed my boſom as I alighted from my carriage; but they were immediately routed on entering the houſe, when Mrs. Brett, the houſekeeper, informed me, that the idol of my heart, with my father and ſiſter, had dined at Dr. Patterſon's; but ſhe expected they would return early, as Miſs Ackworth was much indiſpoſed; but that her maſter and Mr. Falkner aſſured her the ride would do her good, and raiſe her ſpirits.

"Devils! devils!" muttered I to myſelf: "Miſs Ackworth, I hope, is not very ill?"

"I believe, Sir, nothing more than a cold caught on her journey; for my maſter, Mr. Falkner, and the young ladies, have been travelling about almoſt ever ſince you left us."

"Surely," returned I, imprudently, "they might have gone without Mr. Falkner."

"As to that, Sir, I don't know," anſwered ſhe. "I remember to have heard my maſter ſay, that Mr. Falkner's company would be abſolutely neceſſary to keep up the ſpirits of his girls; for Miſs Ackworth was very low; and I believe the intention of the journey was principally to divert her."

If I had not previouſly diſcharged my pockets of my piſtols, I verily believe, ſo little was I under the influence of reaſon, I ſhould have ſent one of them hiſſing hot through my brain.

To conceal from her the frenzy which maddened my brain, I turned from her into the garden, never once thinking to inform her I had not dined. There I continued, curſing and raving againſt my unpropitious ſtars, till my father and ſiſter arrived: the former coldly and gravely preſented me his hand, ſaying, he hoped I was well; the latter, as I approached her, ſhrunk from my embrace, uttering no more than her very great ſurpriſe to ſee me again at Roſelands. My eye in vain ſought my Emmeline; but I was too proud to enquire after her, tumultuouſly as my heart beat at being, as I thought, ſo near her. At the ſound of every footſtep—at the open-

ing

ing of every door—I feared its traiterous emotions would betray me!—At laſt, one of the ſervants came in with a ſmall parcel in his hand, ſaying, he had got the bundle for Miſs Ackworth, and begged to know of my ſiſter if ſhe had any further commands for him?

"Only my love to Emmeline," returned ſhe, glancing at me; "and tell her, I hope ſhe will take great care of herſelf, and abide by Mrs. Patterſon's advice; for otherwiſe her life may be endangered:" then took up a book with great indifference.

Good God! how exquiſitely was I pained!—Emmeline's life in danger!—at Dr. Patterſon's!—and Falkner, the happy Falkner, permitted to ſee her—to hear her—to hang over, and, by ten thouſand fond aſſiduities, convince the charming girl of what I alone———! O, George, George, all hell was in the thought!

Whether or not my father perceived the ſtruggles of my mind, I cannot tell; but he ſaid, "You don't aſk, Courtland, after your favourite!—I hope ſhe won't be ill; but ſhe complained all day of a ſore throat, which grew much worſe as the evening came on; yet I believe we ſhould not have prevailed on her to

ſtay behind, but Mr. Falkner was poſitive."

" 'Twas very obliging in Mr. Falkner, Sir," ſaid I. " I doubt not but ſhe will receive every poſſible attention from him her ſituation can demand. I can't ſay I find myſelf quite well to-night, and therefore muſt beg to be excuſed the pleaſure of ſupping with you."

My ſiſter then ſaid, ſhe would ſend me ſomething.

I begged her not to trouble herſelf; for I had taken more that day than I ſhould be able to *digeſt* in ſeveral.

With this ambiguous reply I ſtaggered to my apartment, and, throwing myſelf on the bed, broke forth into exclamations which I verily believe ſaved my brain from diſtraction!——This moment my fond fancy repreſented my heart's beſt hope nearly deſtroyed by the cruel ravages of a fever!—and the next receiving from Falkner thoſe tender aſſiduities ſhe ought to receive from me alone!—Then again I fancied her dying, and ſtretching out her dear hand, bidding me learn fortitude from her example, and, ſeeing the anguiſh of my mind, ſaying, " Ah, Courtland, how happy we might have been, had you but viſited Roſelands before my too ſuſceptible heart had

had felt itſelf a captive to a Falkner's worth!"

In one of theſe mad paroxyſms, Wilſon interrupted me, ſaying, my ſiſter, hearing I had not dined, and as I choſe to be alone, had ſent me a cold chicken: he then laid a napkin on the table, which I ordered him to take away directly; to preſent my love to my ſiſter, and to ſay, I was going to bed immediately, and ſhould not require his further attendance. The poor faithful fellow quitted me with great regret; and when he was gone, I endeavoured to calm my mind by writing, but have not ſucceeded.—Go to bed I cannot: who ever found repoſe there, when the mind was broad awake to certain miſery?

'Tis now paſt four o'clock. I ſee from my window the ſun riſing from behind a wood, with that ſplendid majeſty which Milton ſo poetically deſcribes, enriching all ſurrounding objects with its golden tints, and awakening the feathered warblers to chaunt forth their little hymns of praiſe. They ſeem to invite me to partake their pleaſures. I will not be ungrateful for their ſong: per-

haps the morning air too may cool this fever in my blood.—I'll venture down.

I MADE my retreat as ſilently as poſſible down ſtairs, not to alarm the family; and O, George, pity the weakneſs which betrayed me——inſtead of walking the garden, as I intended, to taſte the fragrance of the flowers—to liſten to the ſong of the lark—to obſerve the rapid progreſs the ſun was making through the eaſt: all, all were forgotten! My feet involuntarily moved towards Dr. Patterſon's; and I was more than half way thither before I ſtopped to aſk myſelf whither I was going?—Bluſhing at my weakneſs, I was returning home again, when an irreſiſtible impulſe drew me on. "I will only juſt take one peep at the houſe which contains my angel," ſaid I: "ſhe can never know my weakneſs; and, perhaps, afterwards I ſhall get more compoſure of mind."

On finding the garden-gate open, I entered it, determined to walk there only half an hour, and to return before the family were ſtirring—rage and tenderneſs aſſailing me by turns.

I knew

I knew the chamber which contained my treaſure—I walked under the window for ſome time. "If ſhe be very ill," thought I, "I ſhall either ſee or hear ſome one: if not, I ſhall conclude ſhe is enjoying that ſweet repoſe which I have loſt for ever!"—After liſtening in vain, I advanced into the garden, gathered ſome very fine cherries, and went and threw myſelf on a ſeat in a little green arbour, the roof, ſides, and pillars of which were richly decorated with roſes, lilacs, and honey-ſuckles.

My reverie, after ſome time, was interrupted by a voice ſaying, "This way —this way: he tried at every door and every window; and I'm certain ſure, if they had not been well locked and bolted, maſter would have loſt every morſel bit of plate——Look, look, there is the rogue!"

At that inſtant, who ſhould appear but Falkner and a plough-boy, who, ſeeing me parading about the houſe, concluded I was a thief; and, making his way to Mr. Falkner's apartment, awakened him, to communicate his ſuſpicion, who immediately got up, recommending it to this booby not to alarm the family. But gueſs, if you can, his ſurpriſe on ſeeing me.

"Good

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed he, "can it be you, Courtland?"

"Yes, faith," ſaid I, "it is," affecting the greateſt compoſure; "the morning being ſo fine, and knowing you to be an early riſer, I thought I ſhould ſurpriſe you in your rambles; for I hate waſting the hours in bed, when the morning affords ſo rich a ſubject for contemplation."

"Ah! Courtland," ſaid he, "if I may judge by that diſturbed countenance of yours, your mind is but ill ſuited to taſte the pleaſures of the imagination—When did you arrive? I hope nothing has happened."

"Happened! O no, no, nothing at all happened, only—but—O, I remember you aſked me when I arrived;—about ſix yeſterday evening."

"May I make uſe of the privilege of a friend, Mr. Courtland, and aſk you what diſturbs you thus? Have you left your heart at the Briſtol Wells?"

"I did not carry it thither, Sir; though there were deviliſh ſtrong temptations if I had;—but you are a very happy man, are you not, Falkner?"

"I have drank the cup of miſery, Courtland," added he, "dregs and all; yet I have ſurvived to the preſent moment,

ment, when, I can aſſure you, I have moments when I feel ſuch tides of happineſs ruſhing through my ſoul, that all my prudence is ſcarcely ſufficient to ſtem the torrent."

"Miſs Ackworth then," cried I haſtily, "I preſume is better?"

"Come, come," returned he, ſmiling, "there is too much candour in your countenance, Courtland, to play the hypocrite; your heart, I am ſure, is greatly diſturbed; let us adjourn to the houſe; there, I doubt not, but Miſs Ackworth will ſhortly anſwer your enquiries in perſon."

The family ſoon made their appearance; I ſaw Emmeline from a glaſs as ſhe entered; ſhe looked rather paler than uſual, but her countenance expreſſed no ſtrong indications of illneſs: it beamed with its wonted ſweetneſs when ſhe gave (not ſeeing me) Falkner the good-morrow.

After tenderly enquiring how ſhe had reſted, he ſaid he muſt beg leave to introduce her to a gueſt who was come to breakfaſt with him.

He led her to me.

She ſtarted, and her countenance teſtified the ſtrongeſt ſurpriſe. I would have availed myſelf of one tender ſalute, which I thought

I thought due to my long abſence. She turned her ſweet face aſide, and ſtruggled to diſengage herſelf from my arms. My ſpirits, before exhauſted, were not prepared for ſo cruel a repulſe. I fell back in my chair, a giddineſs ſeized my head, and a ſwelling in my throat almoſt ſtopped my reſpiration; they told me afterward, my malady was occaſioned by long abſtinence, for I had taſted nothing ſince breakfaſt the day before. At length my eyes grew ſo exceedingly dim, they loſt ſight of the beloved object on which they were fixed. I continued to hear a buſtling about me, till Emmeline preſented ſome cordial to my lips. I put it aſide with my hand, telling her, her favour came too late, for I had loſt the power of ſwallowing. I remember nothing more, nor how long the ſtupor continued; but when I grew better, from the effect of Mrs. Patterſon's cordials, my cruel love had ſtill a bitter potion in reſerve for me. She was ſitting quite regardleſs of me on a ſofa the other ſide of the room, with Falkner tenderly hanging over her rubbing her temples and hands by turns, and frequently applying ſalts to her noſe; I did not recollect till afterwards, that ſhe is very apt to be faint when not in high health, otherwiſe, perhaps,

haps, ſhe might have expreſſed ſome concern to ſee me ſo unhinged.

I was but juſt beginning to be ſenſible of my return again to this world, when my father, on full ſpeed, gallopped up to the door. "Thank Heaven," exclaimed he, on ſeeing me as he entered the parlour, "Courtland, that you are ſafe!—How cruelly have you alarmed us all. I have left your ſiſter in the utmoſt ſtate of diſtraction, on finding you have not been in bed to-night."

"Heavens!" exclaimed my Emmeline through her tears, "what, Mr. Courtland can have prompted you to act ſo imprudently?"

"Deſpair, my ſweet Emmeline," ſaid I.

My father then aſked Dr. Patterſon for ſome ſervant to ride his horſe back to Roſelands, to inform my ſiſter of my ſafety; when Mr. Falkner politely ſaid, he thought on ſuch an errand he could ride more expeditiouſly than any ſervant; for, knowing how very tenderly I was beloved by my ſiſter, he ſaid her anxiety could not be removed too ſoon.

"Dear Falkner," ſaid I, preſſing his hands, "my ſiſter is a noble generous girl—Would to God—but—thoſe who know

know her worth cannot love her too much."

"There I agree with you," rejoined he, "with all my heart and ſoul."—So ſaying he left us.

In a ſhort ſpace we were tolerably compoſed, and I found my health, by the aſſiſtance of a good breakfaſt, perfectly reſtored; but it was far otherwiſe with my mind, which was, and is ſtill, a prey to the moſt cutting anxieties.

Help me, if you can, Montroſe, to divine the cauſe which makes my reception here ſo very different to what it was before I went to Briſtol. It is certain I have loſt the eſteem of my father, the affection of my ſiſter, and that tender partiality I once vainly thought my Emmeline began to entertain for me. Adieu.

H. COURTLAND.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.